

# The Nation

VOL. XXI., No. 8.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1917.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	185	The Awakening. By Ex-	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		pectant ...	197
The Dangers of the Conven-		Is there General Conscrip-	
tion ...	188	tion? By H. E. F. ...	198
The Answer to Russia ...	189	Kadaver. By Sec. Lieut.	
The Italian Offensive ...	190	Interpreter ...	198
A Respite ...	191	POETRY:—	
THE NATION READING CIRCLES	192	Two Whitsun Poems. By	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		Harold Massingham and	
Wayfarer ...	192	John W. Harvey ...	198
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
The World Set Free ...	193	Penguin ...	199
The Woman's Difference ...	194	REVIEWS:—	
THE DRAMA:—		Neo-Platonism ...	200
An American Morality Play.		Dublin. By Michael Gahan	200
By H. W. M. ...	195	"A. J. B." By the Right	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		Hon. George W. E. Russell	202
The League of Nations		War's Aftermath ...	204
Society. By Sir A. H.		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
Crosfield ...	196	Lucellum ...	206

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Prime Minister has already abandoned his project of partition, and substituted for it that of an Irish Convention. He briefly announced that the Government proposed to summon (in Ireland) a Convention of representative Irishmen to submit a constitution to the Imperial Government and Parliament. He hoped to see all classes, creeds, and phases of thought joined in this effort, including Sinn Feiners. The Convention would be composed partly by delegation, partly by nomination; but Mr. George did not say whether it would be statutory. No proposals were to be shut out, and no member of the Convention pledged to accept or reject any one of them. If a "substantial agreement" were reached, the Government would give legislative effect to it without prejudice to its financial findings. By this method the Empire will hope to cure one of the sores that sapped its vigor, as well as to reach a successful conclusion of the war.

WITH the exception of an impassioned, but very powerful and hostile, speech by Mr. Ginnell (who is the Joseph Biggar of the new Irish movement), the Government's plan was well received. Among the Unionists the most generous speech was made in the Peers by Lord Lansdowne, who formally repudiated the rôle of wrecker, and concluded against partition as a "policy of the betrayal and desertion of minorities by majorities." Orangeism, in the person of Lord Londonderry, was guarded to the point of hostility. But Sir Edward Carson associated himself with the plan without pledging the Unionist Council or abandoning the exclusion of Ulster. Mr. Redmond's welcome was cordial as well as finely conceived and worded. But he pressed for a "free" as well as a representative assembly with a large non-political, commercial, and intellectual element; a fuller representa-

tion of Unionists than their numbers required, and a handsome acknowledgment of Sinn Fein. The reconciliation of Irishmen was the greatest blessing that Heaven could send his country, and he would spare no personal sacrifice to secure it. Mr. William O'Brien's assent was a little more qualified, and was coupled with a fresh and vehemently worded refusal of partition. He made a not unhelpful suggestion that if the Convention came to an agreement, it should be laid before the Irish people by way of a referendum.

\* \* \*

Few episodes of the war are more momentous than that in which M. Painlevé changed the higher direction of the war. It was not only that General Pétain was substituted for General Nivelle. That, indeed, was M. Painlevé's first decision on taking office, and we can admire equally the discretion and decision with which the change was brought about. But the French Government has now a General Staff with the first strategist of Europe, Foch, at its head; and while this seems to be an imitation of our own system, it is a creation of wider import. For the Allies have representatives on the Staff, and decisions are made by them in concert, and the execution of their schemes filters down to the command with a greater unanimity than ever before. This alone is a gain. But we may also derive assurance from the personality of the Chief of the Staff. No other French general has been so intimately associated with the British commanders, and the co-operation between them has been marked by a minimum of friction. Pétain, too, has fought alongside our armies when they were but feeling their feet. He is a general of immense experience. It was he who devised the tactics by which the modern trench system can be taken most economically; he commanded an army in the Champagne offensive in 1915, and fought the classical defensive of Verdun. Nivelle, in comparison, is a mere tactician; and he has reverted to a rôle where his genius will have full play, and with less risk.

\* \* \*

THE Italians are developing their successes on the heights east of the Isonzo despite desperate counter-attacks. Last Friday they took the peak, Hill 652, Monte Vodice, after a stubborn fight against men hidden in caverns and elaborate entrenchments on the hillside. This peak is the key to the Austrian defences north of Monte Santo, and, the Italian hold on it being secure, the troops who had covered the northern flank of the assaulting army were withdrawn to the western bank of the river. But the positions east of the river were daily improved, and much material was taken. On Sunday the Austrians attempted to hold up the advance by initiating a counter-offensive from the Trentino. The diversion has not so far succeeded in distracting our Allies. It has not even secured any tangible successes. But it was apparently made with considerable forces, who suffered heavily. The Austrian troops are distributed about half on the Isonzo and the other half over the rest of the front. The Italians are, nevertheless, forcing their way eastward against the denser enemy mass, and are already on the slopes of Monte Santo, which with San Marco holds up the advance towards the East.

GENERAL CADORNA passed to the second phase of his offensive on Wednesday by releasing the Third Army on the Carso Front. It was for the sake of this sector of the Front that the assaults were conducted against the heights of the Monte Santo region, and the immediate success of the Carso attack is testimony to the usefulness of the gains further north. The new attack was launched on the anniversary of Italy's entry into the war, after only ten hours' bombardment, and the troops advanced over the sector from Kostanjevica to the sea. The villages of Hudi Log, Jamiano, Lukatic, and several fortified hills, were taken, with 9,000 prisoners, including 300 officers. General Cadorna pays tribute to the work of ten British heavy batteries which co-operated in the artillery preparation. In ten days the Italians have taken 16,000 prisoners, and they have secured positions which impose a serious strain on the defence. The Front upon which they are operating is now wide enough to allow them to choose the point of their attack and secure the modified surprise which wins success.

A SMALL but important engagement east of Reims has given the French complete possession of the remaining observation posts in the Moronvillers region. The attack was made on Sunday evening. Its objective was limited and was achieved brilliantly. The northern slopes of Mount Cornillet and of the Casque and Teton were cleared, and 800 prisoners were secured. The obvious result of these successes is to place the enemy in a much inferior position with regard to the French. They are overlooked, and the French artillery will be able to cause them heavier casualties. This is now the case over a great section of the French front, between the region of Soissons and Moronvillers. If the Germans choose to stand they will be constantly shelled; if they desire to make a counter-offensive they cannot involve the factor of surprise. Their dispositions will be in the open, whereas those of our Ally will be concealed. General Pétain has struck the first blow since his new appointment and it is clearly directed to further successes.

ON the British front, the positions have been improved and extended. The capture of Bullecourt is now known to have been a decided success. Violent efforts were made by the Germans to loosen the Australian hold upon it, but they were of no avail. Despite heavy casualties, the enemy has lost the important position, and the Australians have assisted in following up their success. Nearly two miles of the German defensive system north-west of Bullecourt were seized on Sunday and Monday, and the positions so gained have been held against counter-attacks. The Germans have been fighting with the utmost desperation on this sector of the front, and Sir Douglas Haig continues to report the extraordinary casualties inflicted upon them. The struggle seems to have fallen back to the measure of the Somme; but the pressure is greater now than it was then. It includes an enormously larger section of the front, and progress is continually being made. The French positions on California plateau, west of Craonne, and at Chevreux, north-east of Craonne, were much improved by two local successes on Tuesday night, which gave 400 prisoners into the hands of our Ally. The gain, as at Bullecourt, was tactical; but its results are to increase the pressure on the Germans.

THE German casualties as reported in German official casualty lists during April, give us an interesting insight into enemy methods. The number of killed and died of wounds is only 8,297, and the number of prisoners is but 533. Even if we add to this number that of the missing, the total is only 4,308, and it is strange that the proportion of missing to prisoners should be seven to one. This suggests that no one is called a prisoner if by any possibility his disappearance can be made to look reasonable under another name. If, on the other hand, the list can be assumed approximately accurate, it is worthy of note that for every three who are killed in the field or die of wounds,

one dies of sickness. But this, again, would force us to distrust the list completely. The best one can say for it is that it is long out of date, since there should have been numerous returns available from the Vimy Ridge and Craonne Plateau fighting. During April the number of prisoners taken by the British and French amounted to 40,843, and the total casualties to correspond with that fixed measure would be of a totally different order from the figure announced. But, as the admitted total from the beginning of the war is now 4,245,804, we can appreciate the strain upon Germany and the methods by which she seeks to conceal it.

CAPTAIN PERSEUS's warning to his compatriots to moderate their expectations as to the decisiveness of the submarine campaign need not distract our own view of its seriousness. We have just received another week's report, which makes encouraging reading when compared with the figures of four and five weeks ago. Last week eighteen large vessels, nine under 1,600 tons, and three fishing vessels were sunk, and nine were attacked unsuccessfully. The number of losses is not much larger than last week, though the percentage of losses of those attacked is much higher. But we must once more insist that these figures can be made to serve any purpose. At the moment they are misleading by tending to depreciate the success of the submarine, just as four weeks ago they tended to exaggerate the peril. The published figures give no indication of the Allied or neutral vessels sunk, and do not even suggest the loss we suffer in ships seriously damaged but not actually sunk.

IN its tone and phrasing M. Ribot's references to Russia at the re-opening of the French Chamber on Tuesday, were all that could be desired. He greeted the Revolution with "unconcealed satisfaction," and saluted the "noble-minded men" who lead it. On the subject of annexations and indemnities, he disavowed any "spirit of conquest." Coming to details, he said that France would ask for no indemnity "to be levied as a penalty" (a word which occurs in the Allied Note, and was repeated by M. Miliukoff), but there must be "reparation." This means presumably that a claim will be made for the damage actually suffered by the invaded departments. That is the true principle which should guide our financial demands, even though it may lead to a counter-claim. As for annexation, what France would demand is "not annexation, but restitution . . . in order to get back her own." We shall see if this formula meets the Russian point of view. The Russians might argue that the fate of Alsace-Lorraine ought to depend not so much on historical claim as on the will of the population affected.

THE fall of Count Tisza has been so long expected and so often announced, that one must be cautious in accepting even the very positive statements made this week. Without this event it is clear that the policy of the new Emperor can be only a half-success. He at once cleared out in Austria the old gang who made the war, but in Hungary he had to deal with the most formidable personality in all his dominions. The ground chosen for the decisive struggle is much the best that could have been selected from a Liberal standpoint. The Socialists and the Opposition generally began to renew their agitation for a democratic franchise in Hungary immediately after the Russian Revolution. The injustice, it must be remembered, is one of class as well as race. If the non-Magyar races (half the population) are almost unrepresented in the Hungarian Diet, it is also the only European Chamber in which Socialism cannot secure a footing, for even the Prussian Diet now has a tiny group. The chief ground, however, on which the Emperor may wish to get rid of M. Tisza is that he is the strongest pillar of German influence in the Dual Monarchy. The position is interesting, but its promise depends on the firmness of Vienna, for in internal, though not in external, policy, the Opposition is at least as Chauvinistic in its Magyar Nationalism as M. Tisza himself.

THE reconstituted Russian Government has gone to work in a resolute spirit to restore the effectiveness of the army. M. Kerensky declares that he means to create "iron discipline," but he will try to do it by persuasion. It cannot be imposed by force: the army must understand why fresh efforts are required of it. That is why the question of discipline and the question of "war-aims" are inseparably connected. A telegram from Mr. Michael Farbman to the "Manchester Guardian" reports that except for M. Miliukoff's organ, the "Retch," Lord Robert Cecil's speech on the aims of the Entente had a uniformly "bad press." The moral and pugnacity of the Russian army cannot be restored if it supposes that it is expected to go on fighting for British, Italian, and French aims which it regards as "conquest." It should be noted that the formal declaration of the new Provisional Government reaffirmed the formula "no annexations, no indemnities." It may be assumed that one of the first tasks of the new Russian Coalition will be to clear up, in open exchanges of view with the Allies, the doubts which surround this formula.

\* \* \*

No viler act of German war administration has been recorded than the use of savage dogs in their prison camps and their attacks on our hapless men. The reason is clear. It is the usual formula of "war necessity." The Germans are short of human guards, so they employ these animal warders. Humanity counts for nothing with official Germany: only the lust of victory.

\* \* \*

THE Reform Bill secured a triumphant second reading on Wednesday by 329 to 40 votes. From the standpoint of social evolution, a Bill which places six million women on the register is second to none of its predecessors in importance, yet it seems assured, in the Commons at least, of immunity from any massive opposition. The opponents, moreover, were not all anti-suffragists. By far the ablest of them is Lord Hugh Cecil, who is a suffragist and also a keen supporter of proportional representation. His witty speech against the new method of forcing "peptonized" legislation amused the House, but made no converts. It is, after all, precisely because all but the forty regard the need of a new register as urgent and feel that the next House must be representative, that a measure of agreement approaching unanimity has been reached. Sir George Cave gave some hope that the weight of Unionist votes will not be thrown heavily against the principle of proportional representation. But we are sorry that he proposed to limit its application by cutting down the number of multiple constituencies. Mr. Walter Long made the important announcement that a similar Speaker's Conference will be called to consider the problem of the Second Chamber.

\* \* \*

WITH Woman Suffrage assured, the question whether the new Reform Bill is to be a big and progressive measure turns now on the fate of Proportional Representation. Experimental though it seems to our machine-politicians, almost every democracy in Europe is turning to it. Holland (which has watched it at work in Belgium) has just adopted it for the popular Chamber. France was on the point of adopting it before the war. The Constitutional Committee of the German Reichstag has just adopted it as one of its recommendations. We are not quite clear what Sir George Cave really offers. If he only means that the alternative vote is to be adopted in single-member constituencies, this, of course, is not proportional representation at all. It is simply a substitute for a second ballot. The proportional idea requires for its full application the division of the whole country into constituencies returning each from three to five members. This is necessary if there is to be any accurate reflection of varying shades of opinion.

\* \* \*

THE trouble in the engineering world has subsided and an uneasy peace has been restored. Last Saturday

Dr. Addison met the A.S.E. officials with the shop stewards, and it was agreed that negotiations should be opened between the officials and the Ministry on the subject of the new Munitions Bill. This arrangement was ratified at a later meeting between the Prime Minister, Dr. Addison, and the A.S.E. officials. In many places the strikers went back on the Monday, but in others they waited to see what course the Ministry adopted at Bow Street on Wednesday, when eight of the strike leaders came up for trial. To the general relief, the prosecutions were withdrawn after a rather ominous speech from the Attorney-General, and the strikers still out returned to work. We deal with the general question elsewhere. It is obvious that there must be full discussion of grievances in the different districts and full discussion of the proposed amendments to the Munitions Bill in the House of Commons. The incident is a warning against rushing bills through the House of Commons, and ruthlessly shutting down the workmen's view.

\* \* \*

WE are surprised that the House of Commons has failed to take notice, not so much of the wrong which Mr. Gruban suffered at the hands of one of its members (though that must be strictly investigated) as of the scandal of his internment. This is very much its concern, and nothing that can conceivably happen in the Court of Appeal can diminish it. How did this man come to be interned at all? What official of the Ministry of Munitions called for it? Why was internment suggested instead of prosecution if an offence against the Munitions Act was alleged? What induced the Home Office to assent to the recommendation? And, above all, what were the grounds on which the Advisory Committee, including a Member of Parliament, Colonel Lockwood, promptly and (it is said) with indignation, quashed the internment? There has been dark dealing in this matter, and the House of Commons has both the means of throwing its searchlight on it and the right and duty to do so.

\* \* \*

IN reply to Zionist aspirations in Palestine, the Presidents of the two chief organizations of British Jews, the Board of Deputies and the Anglo-Jewish Association, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Claude Montefiore, have issued an important manifesto. They affirm the sentimental interest of all Jews in Palestine, and their sympathy with the work of the Jewish colonies there, but they deprecate any idea of establishing a Jewish State there, or even of claiming special privileges for the colonies which exist or may be founded there. Their case is briefly that the Jews are not a "homeless" race, and that Judaism is not a nationality, but a religion. A British Jew, if we understand their position, is simply an Englishman, as a British Baptist or a British Wesleyan is. Apart from this disputable contention, their practical point is that if some Jews had a national State of their own, the rest of the dispersed Jews would be less secure in their rights as citizens, and would be stamped as "strangers."

\* \* \*

THIS is a shrewd if somewhat forced argument. Palestine, after all, can hold only the merest fraction of the race. Will the Poles left behind in Russia and Germany be "strangers," not fully entitled to the status of citizens because a Polish State exists? Utterly unreasonable as such an argument would be, Jews know the limits of Christian tolerance, and it is possible that these fears have some little basis, though we should be sorry to think that our enlightenment is so precarious. The practical effect of this manifesto is clearly that if we feel disposed to conquer and annex Palestine we must not flatter ourselves that we have any positive mandate from the Jews to do it on their behalf. None the less, we cherish the hope that for the sake of the very numerous body of Jews who are not, and do not want to be, assimilated and absorbed, an international régime may be possible in Palestine, which would secure a cultural focus for Hebrew Nationalism.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE DANGERS OF THE CONVENTION.

IF the Government's expedient of an Irish Convention for the settlement of an Irish Constitution is to succeed, we shall need to apply to it some more thorough thinking than their own very cursory commendation of it. In itself it is not an experiment of which the country can be proud. There is a "Constitution" for Ireland; the late-garnered fruit of years of Parliamentary debate, and a century of public contention. It is on the Statute Book, but it is not the law of the land. A plain constitutional issue arose, that of ruling Ireland in harmony with the will, constitutionally expressed, of the majority of her people. But that issue has been avoided, and a false one, that of rule in accordance with the will of the minority, or only with their assent, substituted for it. It was "up to England" to enforce her "Constitution" not to Ireland to save her from the consequences of evading her plain responsibility. For in spite of Mr. Redmond's generous plea for acceptance, we must not doubt that Ireland will conduct a close examination of Mr. George's case for the Convention. Those Nationalist Irishmen who will not accept, and even some others who do, will speak something after this fashion:—

"This Convention is a very difficult, very doubtful business. What will be our position if it fails? And what the argument of our enemies in Ulster and in Britain? They will be able to say—Mr. Balfour, the great foe of Irish freedom and unity, has already said it in the United States—'We did our best and failed. We left it to the Irish. They could do nothing; so why blame us? The Irish problem is insoluble.' Its failure, therefore, will be attributed, not to the *lâches* of England, but to the original sin of Ireland. But when did you English ever apply to your disorders the political method you insist on applying to ours? Did you not force the Reform Bill through against a minority much more powerful than the Ulster fanatics? Did you shrink from applying the same method to Welsh Disestablishment?"

"Again, a Convention may be an excellent thing, if the principles which it is asked to apply are recognized by all the parties to it. But, thanks to the policy of the British Government, this is not the case with the Irish Convention. The Ulstermen go into it as the champions of partition, waving the banner on which Mr. George inscribed the device, 'No Coercion for Ulster!' What concessions can you expect from them while that pledge remains? It is an invitation to North-East Ulster to stand fast. They shirked county option, for it would have shown how hollow is the case for exclusion. Why should they now abandon the 'clean cut' of the Buckingham Palace Conference? They will go into the Convention. Why not, when partition is not only not excluded, but is the real basis of Ministerial policy?"

"As for the South African example, it is only adequate if the Convention is to be a freely elected body, armed with statutory powers and given a free hand. Then all the problems might be raised and settled, minorities would have to come in and a large scheme of Home Rule devised, approaching more closely than the present Act to the powers and rights of Colonial government. But what chance is there of such an issue? Sinn Féin will not be there to forward it. The Catholic Church is divided, and will not be present in strength. The Convention, therefore, will not be a representative body. And if it were, the Georgian pledge to Ulster blocks the way. Finally, Ireland is not free. It is under martial law. Dozens of its political leaders are in gaol, some of them untried, and the whole country stands under the shadow of a military occupation."

Now we must expect to hear this criticism from Ireland, and it ought to check the Government's

inveterate tendency to mistake patch-work for settlement. The Convention will, we hope, be set up, for it is the only breakwater between Britain and the rising tide of Irish discontent. But it must be remembered that it is summoned, on Mr. George's confession, for a British rather than an Irish object, and that from the outset of its career it must meet and refute the charge\* that it is a "packed" Convention and a "partition" Convention. And if its high-sounding title is merely used to mark the procedure of an easy-going Conference, Mr. George need not trouble to summon it or to compass land and sea to find a Chairman. Its only result will be to produce the maddening retort on the impracticability of Irishmen which the extremists on both sides will fashion into a weapon for smashing Home Rule. It would be something worse than levity to invite such a catastrophe; it would be the kind of unconscious folly which approaches wickedness. The proper agent for fashioning a full Irish Constitution would be the Parliament which Britain has made but does not set to work. But if its substitute is less than a representative and adequately empowered body, it had better not sit at all, for it would come to nothing, and worse than nothing. The great difficulty will be the absence of Sinn Féin, which, in spite of the fiasco of the rebellion, or rather because of it and of our handling of it, has drawn in much of the spiritual promise of Ireland. How is this to be overcome? It may be mitigated. Mr. Redmond has issued a full invitation to the competing modes and fashions of Nationalist opinion to come into the Convention and put their minds into the common stock. This is an obvious welcome to the Nation League, which is against partition, to the Monteagle group of Unionists of the South, to Sir Horace Plunkett, and the admirable movement of which "A. E." the first figure in modern Irish thought, is a shining light, as well as to any Sinn Féiners who will accept a constitutional settlement. An effort should be made to ensure the gathering together of an informal but true representation of the political, economic, social, and moral life of Ireland. And if such an assembly can be convoked, Sinn Féin will make a great mistake in standing apart from it.

But even that will not be enough. If the British Government is in earnest, it must make its special contribution to an Anglo-Irish peace. Can we doubt what that contribution should be? This is a time of amnesty; and where Russia leads the way, England cannot refuse to follow. The Convention will only meet in freedom and good-will when the prison doors are opened on the political suspects, and the surviving leaders of the rebellion are treated at least as well as if they were prisoners of war. We would therefore urge the Government to announce a general delivery of the political prisoners of Ireland. It is by creating a new atmosphere, even more than a new form of government, that we can allay the disturbance of the Irish mind. In the absence of such an act, rebellious Ireland will not readily forget that the model of her uprising came from Ulster, and that England made a ruling statesman of the original rebel and a convict of his chief imitator. To the rebound in Ireland from this unfairness we owe the Sinn Féin rebellion. Now we turn to her for the work of political reconstruction which we decline. The least that we can do is to encourage her to put her full thought into the effort, her wilder and, maybe, impracticable thought as well as her soberer judgment. Not that the two strains are entirely divorced from each other. There has grown up a respectable force in Irish Unionism which covets a wider domain of responsibility than the Home Rule Act covers, and feels that if England decrees that Ireland is to be a nation "on her own," she had better give her a free hand in the management of the Irish estate. This is a time for giving with both hands; for opening the mind of the people to larger conceptions of policy, instead of closing them in a tight-fisted reaction. For while we hesitate, the world outbids our niggling statesmanship, and makes its best gifts look poor beside the new largesse of democracy.

\*Already made by Mr. Ginnell in a speech of great bitterness and equally remarkable ability.

## THE ANSWER TO RUSSIA.

It is not surprising to learn that Lord Robert Cecil's speech of last week on the war-aims of the Allies made an unfortunate impression in Russia. It was an able performance by a studied debater, and as a temperate contribution to our own domestic discussion of policy, it marked an advance towards moderation that contrasts favorably with some other Ministerial utterances. As an answer to Russia, however, it hardly showed a full appreciation of Russia's case. It is a mistake to suppose that Russia's plea for a moderate policy and the renunciation of conquests springs merely from the idealistic exaltation of the Revolution. It has, we are glad to think, an idealistic side. Beneath the idealism, however, there is shrewd common sense. The Russians are really appealing to us to adapt our ends to their means. We must start by facing facts. The old *régime* had left the whole military and economic machinery in a state of dilapidation. Since May, 1915, it had been unable, speaking generally, to take the offensive. Even the comparatively easy campaign in Turkey had come to a halt, not without reverses. The one exception—General Brussiloff's brilliant advance of last year—had, as we now know, a local and peculiar explanation; he was opposing Tchech regiments which were only too glad to take the first opportunity of surrendering. Had the old *régime* lived on, its military position, owing to the disorganization in the rear, would probably not have improved. The early effects of the Revolution were, in the military sense, unfavorable. Discipline relaxed, some of the men at the front fraternized with the enemy, and a tacit armistice prevailed. Moreover, the peasants in the Army, hearing that in the villages the land was being divided, began to go home to claim their share. M. Gutchkoff, after struggling with these difficult conditions, resigned. The able leaders of the Revolution, and especially M. Kerensky, on whom the Titanic task of re-organization now falls, realize, with all the clearness we can desire, that a military collapse would be the worst of all possible preparations for a good and early peace. But they can rely only on moral factors. A soldier of the old *régime* would restore discipline by arresting the deserters and making "examples"—in a word, by "frightfulness." These methods are excluded, for the Provisional Government rests on consent, and not on force. The police are disbanded, and the soldiers will obey only in so far as their own conscience and reason back the commands from above. The problem before the Provisional Government is to create in the masses at home and in the masses at the front (for every regiment has become a democracy) the reasonable persuasion that Russia must fight—or at least must be able to fight—in order to secure a good peace. These masses have their own ideas about annexation. What they want to annex is Russian land. They are firmly resolved not to fight for Constantinople or the breaking-up of Austria and Turkey. At present they wholly fail to see why the Western Allies should be more exacting. The old Russia, which had been half-drilled by the Tsardom into a sort of slovenly organization and a semi-automatic obedience, has vanished into history. We have now to deal with the natural Russia which her novelists reveal to us, a Russia which argues incessantly, and acts only when an irresistible argument, based on principle, has stirred its volcanic will.

The task before M. Kerensky and his colleagues is to make that argument. They cannot make it alone. Up to a point they have a clear case, and they are succeeding in their efforts to state it. There is no party in Russia to-day for a separate peace, and, outside the Court, we doubt if there ever was one. Russians do not wish to be cut off from Western democracy, and they are shrewd enough to realize that if to-day Germany were to withdraw from the Eastern front, it would only be to return to it, when her hands were free in the West. No Russians want a separate peace, but undoubtedly nearly all Russians want an early peace. They have a new world to create. From the thinkers and the reformers of the "intelligentsia" down to the unlettered peasants, they are all set on the domestic tasks which

lie before them. The first see a humane society to construct, and the others hope for new fields to till. They are men who have just stepped (as it were) out of prison, their minds afire with the flame of liberty. We cannot call on them, escaped from prison, to step back into the barracks, not for their ends, but for ours. They are a generous race, and an active-minded race. They will not refuse to respond to the call if it seems to them that the ends for which we ask them to stand firm are worthy of the great sacrifice we require of them.

But let us recollect that they are also a very critical race. The leaders whom they trust are Socialists who understand (as we wish our own Labor Party did) the psychology and the economics of modern Imperialism. It is not enough to disavow "the spirit of aggression"; it is worse than useless to meet them with sounding phrases and rhetorical flourishes. They want to know precisely what are the concrete purposes which require us to fight on. Some of those avowed purposes would not survive five minutes' discussion in the Taurida Palace. Visualize that great revolutionary assembly, recollect that it has just overthrown Tsardom, remember that its mental discipline has been Marx and its recreation Gorky, and then conceive yourself as an orator charged with the task of expounding to it the boycotts and the preferences of the Paris Resolutions. Look into the eyes of the veterans who in 1905 openly rejoiced that Russian Imperialism was defeated in Manchuria, and then imagine yourself insisting on a wide sweep of British annexation in Asia and Africa, or on the Italian Nationalists' projects in Dalmatia and Asia Minor. We wish the debate which is coming could be conducted in this dramatic way. It will go on, we suppose, by notes, but by notes which must be published. Lord Robert Cecil has imagination and subtlety. If he finds it hard to visualize this strange Russian world, let him, before he writes, consider the more familiar and far less critical American audience. The West is echoing to the East. America, writes the "New Republic" (April 28th), has "a perfectly candid determination . . . to assist only the disinterested purposes of the Allies. To put it bluntly, America will not carry on the war a single day to dismember Austria-Hungary, to establish Russia in Constantinople, or to make the Adriatic an Italian lake."

Those particular projects are dead, and some others like them. America and Russia between them have done for us what we wish we had done for ourselves; they have purged our programme of its patently egoistic aims. The Turkish Straits must be neutralized, Austria-Hungary must be federalized. The military security of Italy (and of us all) must be sought mainly through a League of Nations and a general reduction of armaments. By the elimination of our extravagant aims, which sought security in material guarantees, we are happily driven to the contrary principle of settlement. International solutions were discredited in the old world of the armed peace, because it was given over to the secret statecraft of competing and hostile alliances. That old world is burned down in our *Dies Irae*. The new world must take up in its League of Nations the tasks in which the old Concert failed. Diplomacy in that iron age rarely made international institutions a success, for the simple reason that it did not believe in them. In the future an aliter democracy must help its unbelief.

That is for us the answer to the grounds of humanity which Lord Robert Cecil put forward as a justification for plans of annexation in Africa and Turkey. There will be no peace in the world if the attempt is made to exclude any great industrial people—the Germans or any other—from the indispensable raw materials of Africa. The plans for organizing a monopoly of the natural wealth of that Continent turn out on examination to mean injustice to the native, and provocation to all but the few civilized peoples who would divide Africa among them. The true line of settlement is, we believe, to extend the regulated equatorial zone of the Congo Convention, until it includes (more or less) the whole of tropical Africa. The existing Free Trade provisions need a little stiffening, and the neutrality



provisions much clearer definition. General Smuts asks very wisely for a prohibition of any arming of the natives (save, we suppose, as local police). We would add that we want also a charter of native rights, especially in land, which will stand in the way of the exploiting concessionaire, free trade, free roads, free river-ways, disarmament, and security for native interests—these must be the basis of a great tropical domain administered for the good of its natives and to the common advantage of all honest European trade. Within that area the allocation of sovereignty (which will mean only the work of administration) may well be re-arranged. So, too, in Turkey (excluding only a liberated Armenia) we must return under better conditions to the task of reform, here calling in America where a disinterested protector is needed, providing elsewhere for local autonomy, and again recognizing the fair economic claims of all foreign enterprise. We can make no exception for our own claims to Mesopotamia. With what justice, if we adhered to them, could we reject Italian claims in Asia Minor, and French claims to Syria?

There remain some passionate questions of nationality in Europe—the Italian claim to the Trentino, the Bulgarian claim to Macedonia, the Servian claim to Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Polish case for re-union, and, above all, the French claim to the lost provinces. To this M. Ribot has adhered, and the new Russian Foreign Minister, M. Terestchenko, has explained that in this and parallel cases the formula "no annexations" does not exclude a demand for change by the population affected. What is wanted here is a frank recognition of the democratic reading of nationality. What is the true basis of the claim? Not race: racially this population is largely German. Later but not earlier history: the provinces were German up to the reign of Louis XIV. The claim based on "provinces formerly torn from the Allies" is a return to old-world readings of national right. The sound argument for change, the argument that Americans or Russians will listen to, is that the people of these provinces are, for the most part, French in feeling, that they were separated from France against their will, and that they demand a return to her. There are two possible ways of settling this question. One is to cede the certainly pro-French area (Metz and Thionville) to France by an amicable bargain, as the German Minority Socialists propose. That might suffice to end the historic feud. The other method, and in theory by far the better method, is to decide the question by an honest vote under neutral commissioners, taken separately in each area of the Reichsland. Force is no remedy, and if it alone were applied it would merely substitute a German for a French *revanche*. The principle of consent is the only democratic way of escape from these intricate questions of nationality. A revision of our programme is indispensable, and we do not for one moment suppose that our Government will hesitate to make it. But phrases are not enough. There must be detailed discussion, and we shall be blind to the lesson of recent months if we attempt to make it secret. Let our diplomacy come out into the open, and let us have a free exchange of thought on the many problems of the peace.

### THE ITALIAN OFFENSIVE.

THE Allies' campaign of 1917 has run a somewhat unexpected course. The Battle of Vimy Ridge was clearly fought a little earlier than the military situation alone dictated. The governing conditions of the situation were well known. Hindenburg, by an overdraft on the bank of his reserves, had gathered a considerable striking force for use in an offensive which he imagined would give the *coup de grâce* to an alliance fatally undermined by the submarine campaign. To obtain complete freedom of choice for his blow, he retired over a large front on the West, hoping thereby to secure a considerable respite from the threatened Franco-British attack. In fact, he only gained a slight breathing space. The first part of the German retreat took place on February 4th, and on April 9th the British struck with full force at

the northern pivot of the retreating line. The two months' respite was not enough to give Hindenburg any advantage for offensive purposes, and the only effect of his manœuvring was to force us to anticipate our campaign. For strategy is interwoven with international policy. The Western Allies could not regard with complacency the possibility of a great attack upon Russia, and Italy was nervous about the rumors of a concentration against her.

Hence we find the Allies striking *en échelon*, the British first, then the French, and lastly the Italians. The problem was to find so much work for the German reserves on the Western front that they would have no opportunity of striking against Russia or Italy. After a month's fighting with an abnormal array of vicissitudes, the problem has been solved. It is reasonably certain that the enemy will be unable to deliver any considerable offensive blow, and the Allies in the West seem to look forward to another prolonged struggle on the lines of the Battle of the Somme. On the Western front the nature of the fighting has changed. Lines, in the old sense, have been abandoned, and the struggle centres round certain fortified nuclei, connected with each other by spaces thinly held but swept with shell. The battle has to be continually fought with the head as well as the hands; and the temporary advantage of the fortified areas may yield to appropriate counter-measures, as did the older expedients.

But if we are driven to regard the storming of the new German positions with sadness for the loss they entail, what must be our feelings about the war on the Italian front where Nature has proved so apt an ally to the enemy? The engineers of a generation could never have contrived so skilful a barrier as the Carso and the hill country to the north. The very lack of symmetry in the caves and galleries is of the greatest advantage; for, where observation fails, normal assumptions do not hold. Each part of the defence has to be photographed and observed, or the troops are liable to find themselves opposed by an undamaged redoubt, armed with a fierce array of machine-guns. Yet the same law of consequences that gives to these natural positions their great strength adds the limit to their power. Hills are not plastic material like flat ground, and the general lines of the problem of Italy's frontiers have little place for surprise. In spite of all the inventions of modern warfare, the simple, natural virtue of mountains remains the chief obstacle to military operations, and while it can be made the most of by concealed artillery and machine-guns, it cannot yield a consistent and continuous defensive line. The struggle, then, tends to be assimilated to that of the Western front, where the paradox holds that the fortified areas have to be attacked and carried frontally. But there is this difference. The elements of Italy's problem are not new. They have been studied for years, and this accounts for the smooth accuracy with which General Cadorna occupied all the key points on his troublesome frontier at the beginning of the war. The same competence is to be noted in the present offensive. The line of the Isonzo looks towards Trieste and the Istrian peninsula. Any advance across it towards the East has to overcome the obstinate hill country which begins with the Carso plateau and loses itself in the north, in the Julian Alps. The Italians hold the western sector of the plateau with Gorizia, but their way eastward is blocked by San Marco and Monte Santo. If these two hills were taken, the development of the Italian offensive would be comparatively easy. If Monte Santo alone were completely captured, it would be difficult to prevent an advance from Gorizia.

Monte Santo is, then, the immediate objective of the present offensive. With the neighboring peaks, Monte San Gabriele and San Daniele, it holds the northern part of the Isonzo firmly in place, prevents the extension of the attacking front to the north, and supports San Marco, which stands sentinel over the road east from Gorizia. Monte Santo has been stormed once before, but can only be held when the neighboring hills are taken, and hence it must be seized as part of a comprehensive and carefully articulated plan. The front upon which General Cadorna is operating is between

forty and forty-five miles; but it is the sector north of Gorizia which forms his chief preoccupation, and he has secured two fine successes. Feinting across the Isonzo, north of Canale, he struck heavily at the two peaks, Kuk and Vodice, and not only carried each of them, but maintained them against heavy counter-attacks. And at Vodice the crest is higher than any peak of the Santo group, and it runs eastward and south behind the main Austrian defences. The importance of the successes may be measured in many ways. Though the depth of the advance is not considerable, the crest of Vodice is almost 2,000 feet high, and to storm a hill of that description, when two years' care has been given to its defence, is a formidable task. Some Austrian divisions which were until recently upon the Russian front have been verified on the Isonzo, and the enemy has attempted to create a diversion by attacking in the Trentino. It is clear, then, that the enemy regards this offensive seriously. There is evidence that he meant to forestall the Italian attack. But his design was anticipated and frustrated, and we see in the resulting situation the justification of offensive tactics. If the Italians had waited, they would probably have sustained the same number of casualties, and have lost territory, and with it *moral*. Instead of this, they are on the slopes of Monte Santo, hold two commanding crests to the north, have taken a considerable number of prisoners, and have the feeling of victory.

But the offensive has only just begun. The Italians have secured good positions for a further advance. They outnumber the Austrians, and also outgun them. On the Isonzo front there are some 250,000 Austrian troops, and, judged in this way, the struggle seems to be no more than that daily wrestle of Generals Rawlinson, Gough, Allenby, or Horne with the Germans opposed to them. Each of these generals commands an army little short of that engaged on the Isonzo; but such is the political situation that the greatest issues may be involved in this struggle of Italy with her historic enemy.

#### A RESPITE.

WE know from bitter experience that there is nothing so illusory as the kind of settlement that composes an immediate crisis without contributing anything towards a permanent peace. It was a relief to the whole nation to know last Sunday that the Engineers' strike was not to continue; it was, we believe, a still greater relief to the nation to know on Wednesday that there were to be no prosecutions. So far, so good. But the gain is a respite only, and everything now turns on the use that the Government are going to make of that respite. For this is emphatically a case in which we want no patched-up peace, but a settlement which promises to satisfy the grievances that are the cause of this unrest. Do the Government recognize that the moral unity of the nation, the prospect of that support which alone can maintain our strength and power in this crisis, and the hope of setting up a free and vigorous society after the war, all depend on their choice between the methods and spirit of bureaucracy and the methods and spirit of democracy? All our troubles in the war have come from reliance on the first; all our power from reliance on the second. This crisis gives us an opportunity for revising the measures that were adopted in haste and for dissipating the suspicion that those measures have spread among the working classes.

For at bottom the cause of our difficulties is suspicion. The industrial system imposes on the workmen of this country a state of disability and unfreedom, which varies with different industries and different classes. The growing impatience of the workman, on "whose slowly straightening back," as it has been well said, "our civilization is uneasily poised," had led to continual friction and outbreaks of something like civil strife in years before the war. But there were two important respects in which the workman of this country enjoyed a certain and growing freedom and power. His trade unions were a formidable weapon in his hands, and he was absolutely independent of military authority. These two conditions have disappeared, and disappeared

simultaneously. The special arrangements of the Munitions Acts seem to him to amount to setting up the Combination Laws, and the combination of Conscription and Munitions Acts seems to him to put his personal liberty in the hands of the soldier, the employer, and the bureaucrat. In this atmosphere every grievance irritates the mind like a small speck of dust in an inflamed eye, and though to the outsider it may seem that the Munitions Acts are working with simplicity and ease, there are, in point of fact, numberless grievances and difficulties of which the workpeople are the victims. Injustices that are due to carelessness and accident seem to be deliberate and the result of deep design. And it must be remembered that no class of Briton likes the government of the official. The mere talk of land valuation sent other classes wild with fury and apprehension, and we were reminded of Chatham's fine periods about the sanctity of the rich man's castle and the poor man's cottage. Under the Munitions *régime* the workman finds that in place of one master, the employer, he has three—the employer, the bureaucrat, and the recruiting officer; and that whereas when he had only to deal with the employer, he had a comparatively effective trade union, now that he has to deal with three masters, his trade union has lost more than half its power. It is natural that men living in this atmosphere should cling to anything that promises the recovery of their power after the war, and consequently when they learn that the Government have decided to extend dilution to commercial work, they fear that it means to cripple them for all time. Meanwhile, the discontents of their world are inflamed by stories of the behavior of military tribunals, and the treatment of their friends and relatives in the military camps. The Russian Revolution reminds them, in the most moving and dramatic way, of the class war, and tempts them to think that the war which they agreed to postpone in the summer of 1914 is more real and vital than the war which they agreed to support. Thus there is a re-orientation of the working-class mind which implies, not a more indulgent view of the aims of Germany, but a much less trustful view of the purposes of their own Government.

There is only one way to deal with this situation, and that is to supplement the method of secret diplomacy with trade union officials in London by direct consultation of the workmen. Let the Government set up an inquiry into the causes of these discontents, and let that inquiry be as wide as possible in its range. How far is the Labor machinery of the Munitions Acts necessary? How much of it can be discarded? How can power and responsibility be recalled to the workmen themselves? How can the workmen be guaranteed protection from the bureaucrat? Lord Henry Bentinck set up in the "Daily News" last Monday a proposal for a scheme of using the joint committees which is *prima facie* full of hope and promise. Is there to be no right to strike whatever the provocation? And what of all the difficulties attendant on dilution and the wholesale introduction of women? We remember the scandalous case in which a large number of women who had been taken to Barrow for munition work were left stranded because there was a strike. In that case the Ministry of Munitions absolutely repudiated responsibility for their fate, to the indignation not only of workpeople but of employers. There must be full inquiry into the circumstances and grievances of the women immigrants who occupy in many places a very difficult position between suspicious trade unionists, employers who give ground to their suspicions, and bureaucrats who regard the question as if it was concerned merely with statistics of output. There is, again, the whole question of espionage. The Attorney-General spoke on Wednesday of the Government's all-seeing eye in the spirit of the lawyers who prosecuted workmen a century ago with the help of *agents provocateurs*. Do Ministers know what workmen think of the employment of spies whom the prosecutors do not bring into court? The hatred of espionage is an important element in the suspicions of the workpeople, and we hope that the inquiry will concern itself specially with this repellent method. Secrecy and coercion poison the spirit of co-operation in democracy. Our Government has come to trust more and

more to those dangerous weapons, demanding secrecy where it is quite unnecessary on military grounds, and coercion when what is wanted is the very different method of leadership. If we are to unite the nation, these methods must be abandoned, and the first need is to get into touch with the workmen, to consult them, to trust them, to find out what are their grievances, to remove the elements of irritation in the working of munitions, and so to earn and to gain their confidence.

#### "THE NATION" READING CIRCLES.

We acknowledge with thanks the following amounts received for this fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Halley Stewart, Esq. ... ..	5	5	0
Anonymous ... ..	5	0	0
Sir H. George Fordham ... ..	5	0	0
Lt.-Col. Alfred S. Jones ... ..	2	2	0
W. S. W. ... ..	10	6	
	£17	17	6

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

NEEDLESS to underline the meaning of M. Ribot's fine response to the Russian request for a re-statement of the terms of the Allies. What Russia has asked of France she has asked of us, and asked it, I believe, in terms of great consideration. Substantially, all that we have been called on to modify is, I imagine, the impression that we regarded our conquests in Africa and the Pacific as spoil for the Empire, rather than as a contribution to the common stock of advantages out of which a common peace can be negotiated. Can England, with her countless professions of disinterestedness, deny this boon to Russia? She cannot; she will not. Our Government know the consequences of refusal. If we rebuff the Russians, the Socialist wing of their Government may feel that their position is impossible, and will be driven to resign. That is the measure of our responsibility. Now that the whole effort of the new Government is to restore the Russian front, it would be mere faithlessness to deny them the boon they crave. And faithlessness, not to their cause only, but to our own. For what did our millions stream out to war? Not for the policy or in the spirit of the "Morning Post."

HAVE the Government any conception of what the feeling of the country is about half-a-dozen of their methods—the breaches of faith with the workmen; the hard and tactless driving of the Ministry of Munitions; the insults of the more autocratic of the Tribunals, the cruelties (there is no other word for it) in the administration of the new Service Act; the back-and-forward play with the food question; and the sly profiteering that goes on behind the injustices and inequalities to which the mass of the people are subject? They cannot, else they would mend their ways, and change some of the most unprofitable of their servants. Take the treatment of the new recruits under the Review of Exceptions Act, whose title is a publication of its true character. The columns of the "Manchester Guardian" have borne free witness to these scandals. The other day I heard the story of a victim from his lips. He, with a crowd of other once-rejected men, including cripples, hunchbacks, the ruptured, and the epileptic, was marched under escort from one centre to another, kept waiting for eight hours without food or drink, sworn at, bullied, pushed, and roughly accused of falsehood. Cripples were stripped, and made to show their deformity; every physical weakness of ailing humanity was pitilessly exposed. The medical examination was a farce; people were passed for this service or that who would obviously be on their backs in a month or two.

THEN look at the later stages of the procedure. An unfit man accepted for service (and it seems as if every man who does not actually go upon crutches is now accepted) may appeal from the verdict of the Medical Board to that of a tribunal, and the tribunal may declare him unfit for service. Naturally, the tribunal will not do so unless it is obvious that he is entirely useless for any sort of military work. But the decision of the tribunal will be valid only for six months from the date of his summons to re-examination—i.e., for some period certainly less than half a year. After that he may be summoned for yet another re-examination, and, if again passed for service, has then *no legal right* to appeal again. A man, that is to say, may be an epileptic, have but one eye, or be practically an invalid for life. But the Army may never relax its hold upon him, whether the tribunal says so or not, and no one in England can set him free.

BUT is there a Government of England? There are Government office-stools in plenty, and men sitting on them; I see Government offices (and little else) from my window; there are Ministers, and my ear has long been attuned to the eternal discord of their speech. I note without surprise that the clash of these competing instruments has just now risen to a truly Straussian scrimmage of sound. When Mr. George sent the House of Commons home with the conviction that we were as well provisioned as a City Alderman's larder, I had the instant prevision of a second Ministerial warning that we were on the brink of starvation. It has come. Lord Milner has thoughtfully supplied the antidote to his chief's poison, or the poison against that chief's antidote. With him, the food question is so "vital" a matter that he tells us that unless he is satisfied about it, he may even be constrained to leave us. Those of us who were never conscious of a "vital" craving for Lord Milner's presence in this Government or any other, might sustain even this Imperial calamity. But I will suggest that the effect of such levity on the people's judgment is to produce a universal scepticism. Either they disbelieve everything they are told, or they pass from one half-belief on to another. But above all there is the consciousness of being driven rather than led. Mr. George may or may not be an effective Minister of War. He has had the amplest opportunity of becoming one. He may conceive himself, and some may conceive him, as a Courser of Liberty. But that is not the workmen's view. They chiefly see him grinding an abundance of corn in the Mill of the Reaction.

MEANWHILE, an observer, who has seen something of the strike from different towns and points of view, sends me the following note of his impressions:—

"The men . . . accuse the Ministry of Munitions of having got into the habit of breaking faith, and they do not trust its heads or the Prime Minister. So that when the new Bill for dilution on private work was introduced, they said, 'Here is another undertaking broken and all to get more engineers for the Army.' My informants all agreed that there is no general refusal to serve, and if they had been asked, as the miners were, to get 20,000 from the shops by voluntary effort, they could have been secured through trade union organizations, but if it is left to the military, no distinction can or will be drawn between well-established craftsmen and newer hands or skilled and unskilled workmen. They complain of this love of compulsion to which Government departments are now too devoted, and they put all this down to Lloyd George. Then they object to being rushed into dilution on non-war work, making more profits for their employers at the expense of their fellow craftsmen or the trade unionists as a whole. Such are their views as far as I could collect them. They say if they don't protect their economic and personal liberties themselves, there is no one in Parliament to do it for them.

"They were indignant about the statements in Parliament about their responsibility for keeping back shells from our Armies in France. One of them said to me, 'We have far more relatives fighting in France than Dr. Addison, or Mr. Kellaway, or Mr. Lloyd George,' and they say that kind of talk had better stop. They are down on the amateurs, and say that men of



experience could have seen what would happen and would have known how to deal with it sooner. 'It's this compulsion all round,' said one fellow, 'and the Government had better try other ways of handling our questions.' Most of them said that Asquith wouldn't have let things get into this mess; that the present Government was far too autocratic. 'He's the best kind of Premier to have,' said one, and another as promptly added: 'If he has Radicals for his Cabinet.'

"There has been much suspicion and temper behind all this, and unless the Government is careful with its Munitions Bills in future, the trouble will break out again. High prices, browner flour, absence of several common articles of food (mainly, I gathered, because Devonport has fixed prices, and stopped transactions in consequence), a feeling that consumers are being plundered by farmers and speculators, and numberless grievances about pensions and Army Pay-office omissions—these are their main complaints."

THE Irish Convention is a sufficiently risky experiment, and its chances will not be improved by turning it into something neither Irish nor a Convention. The Chairmanship cannot be dissociated from its general scheme. If we have recourse to a British or an Imperial statesman, we merely discredit the original view of it as a great free Irish instrument for hammering out a re-modelled plan of Irish government. Mr. Lowther and General Smuts are admirable; but they are not Irishmen. Mr. Asquith has been approached, and has properly declined. I cannot see Mr. Redmond's disability, but if he is ruled out, Ireland, the most gifted of nations, is not left bankrupt of statesmanship. But there are many obvious gaps in a true plan of representation. The Catholic Church is divided. My Irish advices warn me that neither Cardinal Logue nor Archbishop Walsh are likely to come in. But Dr. McHugh, who led the anti-partitionist battle, and Dr. Kelly, of Ross, are willing to take a hand; and Catholic statesmanship could have no better spokesman than Dr. O'Donnell. Sein Fein may stick to its "impossibilist" plea of an Irish representation at the Peace Conference, its dream of full Irish nationhood. But there is a right wing even of Sinn Fein which will look with longing eyes at a full and honest Irish debate on the whole problem of its government, and there the door may well be kept open. Finally, the Government will be wise to look closely into the Ulster Unionist Council's claim to speak for the whole of the North-East. There are Protestant and commercial elements which are by no means contained in it.

SIR ALEXANDER BINNIE has slipped quietly out of life; there was a time when he was a main agent in the London County Council's early scheme of London reform. He was a great engineer, and he was more than a mere agent of the Council. He shared its enthusiasm; such masters and such servants made together a spirit which, if it could only have filled the great indifferent mass for which it labored, might have made a fine thing of new London. The reaction came, meanly promoted, wretchedly manned, and with it a lower conception of her civic life. Binnie's work was substantial, and much of it has remained; but if the Progressive movement could have held, it might have had a glorious finish.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE WORLD SET FREE.

"I verily believe that we are within reach of price-less and immeasurable good, not only for this United Kingdom and group of nations to which we belong, but also for the whole world."—General Smuts, *House of Lords*, May 15th, 1917.

"If any preacher," said Maurice in '48, "had tried to impress you with the belief that some signs and wonders were near at hand, are you not sure that his anti-

cipations would be poor and cold when compared with the things you have heard of and almost seen? Do you really think that the invasion of Palestine by Sennacherib was a greater event than the overthrowing of nearly all the greatest powers of Christendom?" But 1848 was but a trivial commotion compared with the events of the spring of 1917; and the only language which appears adequate to changes so terrific that no man alive can comprehend them, is the language of the Apocalyptic visions. The seals are opened, the vials of the wrath of God are being poured out on the nations, the air is filled with the thunder of the trumpets of the night. But insensibly, and in a time of amazing experiences, the vision has changed. Yesterday the cry seemed to be only that of "Woe to the earth by reason of the trumpets that are yet to sound." Eight millions of dead, forty millions of wounded, terror and suffering and loss inconceivable, seemed but the beginning of an unending agony. To-day the vision has changed. Humanity can see beyond the night and its despairs. The air is filled with the sounds and promise of the dawn.

For the first two years of the war, Liberalism could see no such light on the horizon. Driven into a war which no nation in similar position could refuse, it found itself numbed by the gigantic nature of the catastrophe. It saw all its principles flouted and destroyed, reaction everywhere triumphant, social progress sharply checked and broken, the international understandings for which it had labored for decades vanishing in hatreds and ferocities; Europe visibly plunging towards suicide. It saw all the old ghosts emerging from their caves, beginning to gibber and chatter: unclean things walking in the darkness of the twilight of mankind. Autocracy and Militarism were proclaimed as the only reputable gods of battle. The struggle for Liberty of peoples and the comfort of the poor and social justice was denounced as the work of idealists and dreamers, unsuited to a world where the only things that count are "blood and iron." Tariffs and other instruments of corruption were exalted as objects of worship. The absurdity of Democracy and Democratic control was in all men's mouths. The vision of liberty, of freedom of thought and action, of equality in political and social development, vanished before a conception of the future of a Europe always armed to the teeth, the nations gazing at each other across trenches or high barricades. The best we could hope for at the present was a Prussianized England destroying, after infinite sacrifice, a Prussianized Germany: an England tied to the corpse of the Russian autocracy destroying a Germany tied to the corpse of the Ottoman barbarism. The best we could hope for in the future was a Europe staggering to ruin under military burdens too heavy to be borne; only varied, when these preparations became intolerable, by a renewal of the "dog-fight" in the casual combination of nations which in all the past found this one at some time an enemy and the same one, at another time, a friend. And America, indifferent or amazed, would gaze on this bloody death of the civilization of the Old World, only rejoicing that she at least, detached by the thousand miles of intervening sea, had no call to intervene or be afraid.

Suddenly, and as if in a moment, the vision has changed. Hope has returned to the world. Democracy, denounced as "without friend," like the hero of Browning's poem, awakens to find "the whole sky its targe, with the sun's self for visible boss." England, instead of fighting with the corpse of Tsardom on the one side and the indifference of America on the other, finds as her great allies the Republic in being and the Republic yet to be—the two greatest Democracies the world has ever seen. The Reactionaries who had attacked President Wilson in insult and clamor are suddenly silent. The Reactionaries who had regarded Democracy as dead are paralyzed by the Russian Revolution. With wry faces and twisted compliments they make their awkward salute to both. At home the whole Liberal position is seen suddenly to receive triumphant vindication. The great pleas for liberty of General Smuts replace the dismal lucubrations of Mr.

Hughes. The statement that he is fighting for the same cause in 1915 as he fought for in 1900 is received in respectful silence when it comes from our most successful general in the field. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was shouted down in the House of Commons when he defended the granting of a free Constitution to South Africa. But to-day the granting of that free Constitution is recognized by all as having proved the only salvation of the British Empire. Gladstone labored with energy almost superhuman, amid storms of obloquy and the desertion of friends, to effect that security of Empire which only a satisfied Ireland could give. And the Liberal Party, in office and out of it, clinging, as it appeared, to a desperate cause, maintained his demand for justice. For this they were attacked with an unprecedented ferocity, shouted down in Parliament, denounced as thieves and traitors. Armed rebellion was organized against them, with the active support of the majority of the governing classes. War comes with its huge testing of reality, and, behold! all men are Home Rulers—all men realize that the vital mistake made was that Home Rule was not granted when Gladstone first saw its necessity thirty years ago. Lord Lansdowne, with the last voice of the dying ascendancy, proclaims to an acquiescent House of Lords that we have travelled so far along the road to Irish self-government that it is impossible to go back. Mr. Balfour varies his time in America from speaking in praise of Democracy to listening to demands for Home Rule—Home Rule which he has fought for forty years, Democracy which for forty years he has despised. Bismarck denounced Gladstone as a professor. He saw this preacher of ideals with his head in the clouds, while the man of iron trampled on Liberty, and achieved his object through cunning, treachery, and war. But to-day Gladstone's principles are being vindicated, not in some "Cloud Cuckoo-Land," but here on the solid earth and amid the dreadful ordeal of battle. The little Bismarcks of our own territories see all their arguments confuted, all their prophecies vain. Only in Bismarck's own country, between the Vistula and the Rhine, Autocracy remains defiantly resistent, although challenging with a kind of blind fury the whole civilized world in arms. With the coming of Liberty within these iron walls or the military collapse of the last stronghold of the old evil things, we shall confront at last a world set free.

There are those who, in view of recent political events in these islands, refuse to recognize the splendor of this emancipation. They see Reaction triumphant at home, the great Republics gazing with astonishment at things done here, the friends of Liberty in Germany inquiring of our people, "Art thou become as we are? Art thou become also even as one of us?" Such a view is much too despondent. Everyone who is estimating the forces fermenting in the great cities of England knows that this is but a transitory phase, accepted (as it is alleged) for the achievement of victory. When victory is achieved there are movements and arisings which are destined to sweep the thing away, and acclaim the coming of Liberty and Democratic Government. At this moment Parliament is fashioning an instrument which is destined, through the women's vote, to create a more democratic franchise than any great country in Europe has ever known. A Government responsible to such an electorate will go fast and far, with the memories of all the horror and confusion of war heavy upon it, and the new vision which comes to those who see rank, privilege, and possession conferring no superior courage and intelligence in the fierce trial of that furnace-flame.

Looking, indeed, on that blind sacrifice of men's lives, and those the lives of the flower of the nations, one might be forgiven for a kind of despair of the future; for a belief that some malignant or capricious devil had taken control of human affairs, and was playing with the fates of men. And it will indeed be only by "a great sum"—how great we hardly yet realize—that freedom will have been obtained. But that freedom is coming is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise. The Alliance of the Great Republics is assuring a new birth of humanity. And now, for the first time, there

is consolation in the thought that, despite the terrors and tears which are to-day's hourly occupation, "these dead shall not have died in vain." The loss will cripple the world for generations, in which Europe will go on a broken wing. The gain will triumph through centuries of advances, of reactions, of upheavals and discouragement, perhaps with men's hearts doubtful and often failing them through fear, but never again to return to the old state before the Deluge; where peoples armed to the death and disciplined into blind obedience were driven by their rulers into aimless destruction each of the other. In the glare of a red sunrise Democracy is being born—will be born even if "this old Europe" perishes in fire and blood. "I think of the difficulties that still lie ahead of us," says our soldier-statesman, "which are going to test all the nations fighting for liberty far more than they have ever been tested in the past. And I hope and pray that they all may have clearness of vision and purpose, and especially that strength of soul in the coming days which will be more necessary than strength of arm. I verily believe that we are within reach of priceless and immeasurable good, not only for this United Kingdom and group of nations to which we belong, but also for the whole world."

#### THE WOMAN'S DIFFERENCE.

THE more one knows about any subject, the less one generalizes. It is so easy for the tourist to sum up his impressions of the French, the Germans, the Russians, the Americans, or the Irish, after a few weeks' travel from hotel to hotel among these foreign peoples. So easy, and so ludicrously false in the result. The man who has grown up, or lived many years among them, does not waste time in generalizing on their character. He has discovered their infinite variety. He knows that one might just as well generalize on all creation. When he hears the tourist lay down one of those broad and sweeping statements, as that the Germans are a particularly brutal race, or that Americans become "standardized," a thousand contrary examples of people whom he has known spring to his mind. He is silent. He cannot argue upon so vast a cloud of evidences. He envies the tourist's glib facility. It must be a fine thing to describe a hundred millions of human beings in three trenchant words!

But the easiest and most tempting theme for generalization is woman. It is easiest because women, with godlike indifference, have accepted whatever people chose to say about them; and it is tempting because anything said about women, especially in condemnation as syrupy slaves, is sure of an audience. So, from the time of the Hebrew prophets, all down the ages through Aristophanes, Juvenal, the Eremitic saints, to Pope, modern novelists, and Thackeray's nauseous moralizing, women have been generalized as though they were all the same and a race apart. Speaking of some good writers, people may still be heard saying, with a knowing look, "He understands women." They might just as well say, "He understands infinity." The generalizations change from age to age. Each is laughed out of existence, but the next is greedily swallowed. There was the picturesque ideal which the knights of chivalry strove to enshrine among the aristocracy. There was the Early Victorian ideal of soft, helpless, yielding, fainting creatures, or of matrons slowly broadening down from confinement to confinement, which novelists and economists imposed upon the middle classes for their good. Consider what irreparable mischief has been brought among men and women by that "Ministering angel thou!" Or by the myth which sentimentalists have gathered round the Lady of the Lamp! Rather hard, perfectly practical, engrossed in essential details, and given to violent temper and violent language, how she would have laughed, how swore, if she had known anything of the sickly slush which has been poured over her lamp and her shadow! Man builds a sugared pedestal, and sticks a figure which he calls "Woman"

on it: or else he digs an abyss and throws her in. No one could decide which treatment is the more false, the more insolent.

"Woman is the practical sex," said George Meredith—one of the writers of whom people always said that he understood women. And certainly that generalization, if any, is likely to be true. Nearly every woman in every country has to decide each morning whether it is to be beef or mutton to-day, boiled rice or ground rice cakes, baked maize or sodden. Every day she has to order the dinner, or do the shopping and cook it; to wash and dress the children, to make both ends meet, or starve herself down till they do. Every day she has to clean and scrub and dust, or urge other women to do it for her—almost as hard a task. The writer of Ecclesiasticus lamented how difficult it was for the working man to acquire wisdom:—

"How shall he become wise that holdeth the plough," he asks, "that glorieth in the shaft of the goad? That driveth oxen and is occupied in their labor, and whose discourse is of the stock of bulls?"

He goes on to mention the craftsmen and jewellers, the smiths and potters, and other artisans. He says very finely that these people maintain the fabric of the world, and that their prayer is in their handiwork. "Laborare est orare"—certainly; but the wisdom of the scribe, he says, comes by opportunity of leisure. Nearly all women fall under the limitations of those artisans, and no wonder. They are the practical sex! Yet it is one of the commonest generalizations to hear that women are so unpractical, so ignorant of means to an end, so blind to what is possible and what is not.

For other contradictions, after that "Ministering angel thou," with what keen delight we come upon Pope's Narcissa:—

"Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child."

After pages of homily upon women's wild extravagance, we meet at every corner the "unfair sex" which looks twenty times at every penny and grudges every square inch of lint that might save her husband's life, and every orange (such a price as they have gone to!) that might assuage his fever. Ledyard, a battered old tar, and friend of Captain Cook, ventured upon the following attractive generalization:—

"Women do not hesitate like men to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man; but, in general, also, more virtuous and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise."

Ledyard's experience was happy, and not very rare—at all events among savages. But which of us has not met the exact contrary—the hard-mouthed, ungenerous woman, discourteous and bitter-tongued, not liable to err, but never performing a good action from cradle to grave, and incapable of returning a decent and friendly answer, no matter with what decency and friendliness one may have addressed her?

We could go on illustrating these contradictions through all the gamut of human qualities. On the one side, men tell us that women must not be admitted to public life because they are too soft-hearted, and would always vote for peace; on the other side, we are told that women are too harsh and cruel by nature, and would always vote for war so as to get the jobs of men sent to the front. Then we get the scientific observers, like Mr. Havelock Ellis, who in "Man and Woman" says that "in women men find beings who have not wandered so far as they have from the typical life of earth's creatures. Women are like men the human embodiment of the restful responsiveness of nature." That sounds grateful and comforting, but how about the restful responsiveness when we remember "Varium et mutabile semper femina!" or when we turn again to Pope, and read,

"Come, then, the colors and the ground prepare,  
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;  
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute."

"Poets," Mr. Havelock Ellis continues, "have racked their brains to express and account for this mixture of heaven and hell" (i.e., diabolical manifestations, combined with impulses of tenderness, compassion, and moods of divine childhood). "We see that the key is really a very simple one; both the heaven and hell of women are but aspects of the same physiological affectability." That key may seem delightfully simple to the man of science, but what secret does it unlock for us in ordinary life—here amid myriads of men and women, each different from each, and all subject, we suppose, to physiological affectability in one way or other?

Can, then, no sort of mental or spiritual difference be defined, no general character of women's action upon public life be foretold, now that at last even England appears likely to admit them into citizenship? We are inclined to think nothing can be foretold, any more than even a political agent can foretell the votes and politics of men. The Tadpoles and Tapers will be busier and more excited than usual, but quite as blind. On one point only we may hope for a certain difference. Women will approach political life unhampered by the ages of tradition and ancient forms. If they are the practical sex, we may fairly expect them to laugh at the mass of medieval flummery and trumpery which still encumbers our Parliament and legal procedure. We can hope that they will sweep a fine collection of silly old maces and wigs and incomprehensible language and Plantagenet statutes into the dust-bin. We may look to them also to bring with them a certain ingenuousness or *naïveté*, such as the Russian Soldiers and Workers have brought to the politics of their country. An instance of this occurred last Sunday, when Miss Maude Royden, preaching in the City Temple, maintained the policy of total prohibition of alcohol; no compromise; better no legislation at all than compromise; and in the afternoon, Sir Joseph Compton Rickett, at Whitfield's Tabernacle, advocated State purchase as a good compromise, and perhaps the most practicable line of reform. We are not arguing which was right. We only say that there you get on the one side the inspired and enthusiastic idealist, whose danger is to stiffen into the doctrinaire; and on the other side the practical politician, whose danger is to move one step forward and three-quarters of a step back. Sometimes the idealist wins, as when the Russian Soldiers and Workers sweep away despotism, Court, autocrat, and all. Sometimes the practical man gains a pretty fair amount, however much exposed to amusement, as in the Speaker's Conference.

So far as the distinction is genuine and persistent—so far as women may bring a fresh and finer air into our politics—it will be for our statesmen to use so great an opportunity, not allowing themselves to be trammelled by pedantic precedents or obsolete forms. If the war does not obliterate much of the stuffy old past; if it does not bring incalculable changes in legislation and daily life, it will have been fought in vain. In this genuine revolution, we look for aid to such free and sweetly reasonable and eternally hopeful qualities as woman's spirit may possess, distinct from the rather tired, rather hidebound, and often discouraged temperament of the male reformer.

## The Drama.

### AN AMERICAN MORALITY PLAY.

I HAVE never seen (or shot) Niagara, but I have seen many pictures of it, and they give you an impression not only of vastness but also of measure and control. Not so with what one sees in this country of American dramatic showmanship. It is huge, like Niagara; it can be serious and



impressive; but it is not yet fully subject to the critical, selective influence that we call Art. Its mere size is not against it; there is mass and to spare in the Memnon of the Egyptian desert, and in Michael Angelo's figures in the Medicean chapel at Florence. Its defect is that it is not penetrated with the emotion which clearly directs and stimulates it, not governed by the passion of the artist to use only those effects which further and accomplish his design. Take the great cinematographic melodrama, "Intolerance," at Drury Lane. It is as full of goodwill as Mr. Carnegie, and as pertinent as the war. But its fine intention is so abundantly overlaid that the sceptical or the exacting intelligence may conclude that it is not there at all, and that this humorous medley of Babylon and Calvary, St. Bartholomew and the Bowery, has no other purpose than to produce the greatest cinematograph show on earth.

Now, I do not think that this is a true criticism. Dramatic America's usual fault is not either aimlessness or the contentedly low aim of so much of our own entertainment. She seems more inclined than we to divine a "mission" for the modern stage, to take up the torch that the Church relinquishes, or even to reunite the once allied powers of religion and the drama. Is not that a true impulse? It is *representation* of which society is in want; to see itself in the mirror of the more faithful and exact consciousness of mankind. "Intolerance" is an attempt to hold such a glass before the world's eye, and if the framework is a gaudy, bedizened affair, the maker's design is not entirely thwarted by it. The simple, who are the mass of mankind, will understand it. They will see that with all its grandiosity, confusion and profusion, coarseness and clumsiness of artistry, "Intolerance" is meant to teach them something, and that something a vital, perhaps the vital, truth of their religion.

To this idea, the contrivers of "Intolerance," as of the cinema in general, are bound to give a mechanical rather than an intellectual expression. Speech is denied them. Their medium must be physical motion, ranging from the actions of men and things in the mass to the expression of the human face. Clearly, this power of representation is immensely heightened if you make your stage picture big enough and stimulating enough. The still small voice is absent. So the cinema substitutes for it the visual representation of noise. It seeks its *ensemble* in the roar of guns, the clatter of chariot-wheels, the clash of great armies in conflict, the reckless agitation of crowds, the chasing of criminals, all the phantasmagoria of passion, excitement, fear—"on the go." It is easy to conceive a common or even a base use of this strident machinery; vulgarity is, in fact, rarely absent from the cinema, and the shadow of indecency visibly attends it. But one cannot deny its adaptability to the representation of ideas. And "Intolerance," as I have said, suggests a very palpable idea. Indeed, the attempt is to represent the idea, to treat "Intolerance" as the fixed point of delusion round which revolves the immense spiral of human error. That, at least, was Tolstoy's belief; and the story of his life and work in literature is little more than a record of its development in his soul. Man will not obey the Christian law of "Live and let live." He will "interfere" and judge and condemn, and by interfering and judging and condemning, worsen the original offence. Thus all the evils proceed from this original sin—murders *en détail*, the murder *en gros* which we call war, crucifixions, executions, judges, policemen, and social "uplifters," filching, in the name of Motherhood, the babe from the real mother's breast.

With such a theme, the difficulty would seem to be to choose examples from the embarrassing riches which Time offers to the collector. I confess to a certain sense of discontinuity as I watched the unrolling of the vast films on which the authors of "Intolerance" have painted their picture of the world's capital mistake. Some connection there is between the siege of Babylon and the crucifixion of Christ. Undeniably men did both these things, and both were bad. But there was nothing more visibly "intolerant" about the kingdom of Persia than about the kingdom of Babylonia, and a choice of heroes as between Cyrus and

Belshazzar leaves me cold. Nor did my mind switch itself off and on with proper rapidity from the Huguenot victims of the Medicean Catherine to the deeds and intrigues of the "Musketeer of the Slums," or my ear attune itself readily to "Lead, kindly light," as a musical accompaniment to the ascent of Calvary. But all through these gaps and jars in the evolutionary process did appear a real effort at the visualization of history. Melodramatic it was—horribly so. But isn't history melodramatic, and have not the apostles of Culture given it a more wildly transpontine setting than the most talented of their barbarous ancestors? Were these tearing, stabbing hosts of Persians and Babylonians, killing each other with flaming bombs, moving mighty tank-towers to the siege of mightier fortress-walls, and hurling each other from their frowning heights, the individual flames soaring up into a vast conflagration of hate and destruction—so very unlike the embattled hosts of Christendom in this year of grace, 1917? Was the roar of conflict between the competing Asian civilizations a much more delirious turmoil than the strife of the nations whose heads are bowed, not to Baal or Ishtar, but to the lowly Jesus? Again, I felt that the American at least had meant something, and had contrived to say it—that he had, in fact, composed a Morality Play, and adapted it to the needs, no less than the intellectual standard, of his age.

Of the final impact on the people's mind of this new dramatic model—this Drama of the Gigantesque—it is hard to speak with assurance. Its sensuousness is a little appalling, and yet I preferred its Belshazzar to its Christ. By far its deepest and most refined impression it derives from its singular power of exhibiting facial emotion. I have seen few things more beautiful than the series of pictures which showed the face of the girl in the court listening to her husband's trial for murder, and sending him messages of tearful smiles and encouragement, and trusting and adoring love. All the great artists—Coquelin and Duse and Ellen Terry—have done these things; the cinema underlines and prolongs the effect without essentially overdoing it. But I imagine the main power of this kind of representation, if it is to become a moral agent in the life of our cities, to lie in its capacity to make these heedless dwellers realize what is the *mass* direction of their fate. "Intolerance" possesses this quality; with all its crudeness, it awakens memory and suggests criticism. But there is a difficulty. The cinema can and does lend itself to the commonest sensationalism. It is the chosen amusement of mental laziness. It can satisfy the feeblest lust of the least curious eye. But it has another vocation. It is a useful recorder of public events. Thus it can be used as a slightly italicized history, not of the motions of the nation's soul, but of its earthly pride—its wars, its kingship, its snobberies, its idolatries of the mart and the temple. The State, which seizes everything for its purposes, may seize this too, and destroy the free moral power which one discovers in the design of these American propagandists of Drury Lane. If this is to be the fate of the great cinema it will be an unmixed evil, and one could only invoke on it the doom of its departed rival of the Coliseum.

H. W. M.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

SIR,—Criticism of what fell from speakers at the memorable and significant meeting held under the auspices of the League of Nations Society last Monday week has in the main been directed against the following three propositions:—

1. That the surest guarantee for permanent peace must be found in a fundamental change in the hearts and dispositions and aspirations of men.
2. That the German nation must form part of such a league if it is effectively and permanently to put an end to the worst and most terrible source of human misery in the world.
3. The somewhat startling antithesis between the spirit of Nationalism and the spirit of Christianity drawn by Lord Hugh Cecil in a characteristically original, and strikingly suggestive speech,

With regard to this third point, one can hardly doubt that Lord Hugh Cecil would, on further consideration, readily admit that the language he used, if accepted too literally, would be misleading. But what he, and all of us who are associated with this great movement in America and England, in which the League of Nations Society plays a prominent part—what we are entitled and bound to urge is that just as the more extreme kind of individualism which was preached by reformers in the middle of the last century has had to give place to qualified individualism as an essential factor in social progress at home, so *qualified Nationalism* is now indispensable to progress throughout the civilized world. Exaggerated and extravagant Nationalism in its extreme form amounts to nothing less than that Chauvinism run mad, which has in the end led the autocratic military authorities of Prussia to commit the most fearful crime in history. The time has come, therefore, for men and women in every civilized country to recognize individually, and therefore for each individual nation in its corporate capacity similarly to recognize moral obligations towards the whole family of civilized nations. Unless the war fails to bring about the most blessed result that can be achieved by suffering and sacrifice on such an appalling scale, this moral obligation will at its conclusion be recognized on an infinitely wider scale and far greater intensity of feeling than ever before. It will be recognized not only as the highest duty of man towards man on earth, but as a matter of vital necessity for the preservation of civilization, and even of the human race itself.

Such a spirit of internationalism will be no more in conflict with sane nationalism, and all the inspiration, energy, enterprise, and devotion that spring from it, than does the local patriotism of city or village clash with the wider patriotism that fills men with an honorable pride in their race or country. That will represent a change in the average opinions and aspirations of men and women of permanent and incalculable importance, and we may also hope and confidently anticipate that the war will greatly stimulate human progress in the scrapping of out-of-date prejudice, bigotry, and intolerance; that it will have burnt into men's minds and hearts an intense conviction of the fundamental cruelty of so large a part of natural law, and, therefore, of the paramount obligation that devolves upon every rational being to co-operate in a supreme effort to check and curb these ruthless laws. All this will involve a far-reaching change in the outlook, and even disposition of men and women, and to that extent, therefore, we can subscribe to what General Smuts urged in his eloquent and memorable speech at the meeting referred to. But it is well frankly to recognize the inexorable limits with which we are faced. The covetous, combative, acquisitive, and ambitious instincts of men and women are, after all, the product of environment and development through countless bygone ages, and, as Lord Bryce pointed out from the Chair at the meeting I have referred to, it is simply out of the question for us to wait for some millennial regeneration of human nature before we take steps to safeguard ourselves, one and all, from the shattering and abysmal catastrophe of warfare waged by the civilized Powers of the world. Conflicting interests and claims, rivalries, differences, and quarrels between nations, will still have to be reckoned with as surely as quarrels between individuals; but we can, and must, take steps to ensure that these quarrels, not in the one case alone, but in both cases, shall in the future be dealt with and settled by the firm authority of law. There are certain questions of vital and fundamental importance upon which an understanding undoubtedly ought, and assuredly will, be arrived at by the Great Powers at the conclusion of this war; but after that, whatever differences arise between civilized nations in the decades and generations to come must be dealt with by a supreme international court of law with the backing of irresistible international force behind it. Other things follow in natural and inevitable sequence. An all-round reduction and limitation of armaments by agreement, with power vested in the international supreme court to forbid and, wherever necessary, to take steps to prevent the accumulation of excessive armaments and munitions of war by any one Power.

Will it be objected that this involves a sacrifice of sovereign authority? The answer is that a qualification of Nationalism involves a qualification of sovereignty, and that it is in the highest interest of each individual nation to accede to, support, and, if need be, enforce what international safety demands.

Another essential point of paramount importance was urged by General Smuts in his speech at the same meeting. We must avoid at the conclusion of the war the dangerous error which a century ago led the Holy Alliance to attempt merely to stereotype the then *status quo*. We need a settlement which in years to come will be flexible in so far as it will give power to the supreme international tribunal (however that may be convoked or constituted) to deal with the natural and legitimate claims arising for biological reasons through the enterprise, capacity, and development of this nation or that.

There is nothing Utopian about such a proposition and prospect for the simple reason that whenever a dispute arose, the more or less of gain or loss which resulted from its settlement would be a matter of absolute insignificance to any of the nations concerned compared with the priceless blessing they would enjoy in their security from the ruin, devastation, and the hell-fire horrors of modern warfare.

There remains the question raised by Lord Buckmaster—namely, the question as to whether the Central Powers could join such a League. As to that, only two things can be said with certainty at the present time. First, that if, under all the circumstances, it is deemed impossible for them to join such a League at the conclusion of the present war, that is no reason why the formation of the League should be abandoned. On the contrary, such a permanent League would, in a sense, under such circumstances, be the more necessary.

With regard to the second point, that dealt with so earnestly and emphatically in Lord Buckmaster's speech, any attempt permanently to exclude Germany from a League of Nations established to secure permanent peace would run counter to the most elementary considerations of statesmanship and common sense. A policy which in the long run would be so grossly unjust, so ruinous, and so fatal in its consequences cannot seriously be entertained by responsible statesmen for a moment. On the other hand, no one at the present time is in a position to lay it down that Germany could be included, or ought to be included, in such a League immediately after the war. It is impossible to forecast the position of things then, and therefore surely in some respects equally impossible to forecast in its entirety the whole policy of the Allies. If the *Entente* Powers felt bound at the conclusion of the war to decide that the then inclusion of Germany was, under all the circumstances, impossible, all that can be said definitely is that temporary exclusion of the Central Powers would make the proposed League of Nations not less, but—if that were possible—even more essential. More than ample material for the formation of such a permanent League is, of course, already provided by the *Entente*, and, beyond a shadow of a doubt, and especially in view of their experience during the war, not a few of the neutral Powers would give it their thorough-going and whole-hearted support. And can anyone doubt that when the time comes for the inauguration of the supreme international tribunal the nations of the world will see that it is backed by such ample international force as will safeguard them for ever from a repetition of the "measureless calamity" of this war?—Yours, &c.,

A. H. CROSFIELD.

41, West Hill, Highgate, N. May 17th, 1917.

#### THE AWAKENING.

SIR,—No doubt it is natural enough that in your references last Saturday to the munitions strikes you should speak particularly of the reaction of bureaucratic methods of government on the working-classes, but I am rather surprised that, so far, there has been little or no indication in the Press of the change in the view of the middle classes. The details in the two cases may be different, but, from intercourse with middle-class men, who have voted Conservative all their lives, I am convinced that they, too, are "suspicious and resentful." I find that men of this type, equally with those who were Liberals and Radicals in pre-war days, are bitter against the restrictions on the freedom of the Press which deprive them of all opportunity of forming an adequate judgment of affairs. Our much-censored Press they are coming to despise, because they know that its forced concealments make it worthless. But they are beginning at last to place the responsibility for their ignorance and for their apparent helplessness. One of the first-fruits of their awakening is to be found in their attitude towards the recent strikes. The men who a year or so ago would have put every striker against a wall and shot him (irrespective of the wisdom or justice of that course), are now hardly condemnatory. They express no surprise that men should strike. Rather they wonder that the measures are not more violent. The news of a procession in Glasgow of 70,000 people wearing revolutionary colors comes as no shock to them. They merely hazard guesses as to how soon some leader who has faith in democracy will come along and seize the present opportunity of their willingness and readiness.

What are the reasons for this amazing change of attitude? Perhaps nothing has done more to educate these men, whom I know, than the exploitation of our war needs by a small minority of the community. For example, our shipping kings would feel uncomfortable enough if they were ever forced to listen to the epithets applied to them by these middle-class folk—they are fully as vigorous as those said to be used of the rich by the "class-conscious" working-man. But the real hammer-stroke of education has been the virtually unchecked performances of the food-profiters. A grocer as Food Controller, a potato-merchant to manage potatoes, prices of all substitutes soaring until a deputy-Providence fixes them at a maximum—these are sights that have made

many more democrats than Mr. Lloyd George's ancient speeches. The lessons are hard, but they have gone home.

Another highly important influence has been the failure of the Government to effect anything approaching that equality of sacrifice which was the parrot-cry of the Conscriptors. You have many times pointed out that there can be no talk of equality of sacrifice while the one man has to yield his life for nothing, and the other his money—for 5 per cent. Of course a Parliament composed mainly of men with large incomes will not be likely to put things right—but the mutterings are increasing.

Other causes and influences might be mentioned, but one may be allowed to suggest that there must have been, beneath this over-growth of Conservatism, a sincere belief in freedom and democracy. Otherwise, these infringements of freedom would have been welcomed and not resented. These suspicions and resentments, however, justify us in hoping that the day of deliverance is at hand. If a man were to arise who would proclaim his effective belief in trusting an informed people rather than in driving a blindfolded people; if he would pledge himself to a restoration of our freedom, to a persistent effort to equalize the sacrifices called for by the war by placing its financial burden on those able to bear it—such a man would receive a measure of support that would overwhelm our bureaucrats. And no one need fear that the overthrow of bureaucracy and the substitution of democratic government would hinder the effective prosecution of the war. This Government is far more bureaucratic than the last, and it is a commonplace in official circles that its decisions are reached far less quickly than even under the old Government. As for the co-ordination of its decisions. . . . !

Will no one come to lead and rescue us?—Yours, &c.,

EXPECTANT.

May 21st, 1917.

#### IS THERE GENERAL CONSCRIPTION?

SIR,—What is the real significance of the Military Service (Review of Exceptions) Act, 1917? Have the advocates of industrial conscription acquired the aid of the wily military compulsionists to assist them to a realization of their schemes?

The majority of men who, previous to the passing of the Act, held certificates of exemption from the Army, now find themselves, when called up for re-examination, allocated to one of the lower "classes"—generally C 3—by the Medical Board. Formerly, these men composed the bulk of the males of military age exempted from the power of the various constraining authorities. Under the above Act they can now be called up by the Army officials and, if unfitted, or not required for military duties, can be coerced into other spheres of labor through the medium of the Tribunals.

The following extract from the report of the proceedings of a local Tribunal will serve to illustrate the point:—

"Applicant was a Class C 3 man. The military representative stated that men of this class were not being called up for the Army yet, but the reservists might be advantageously used in occupations other than those in which they were engaged. The applicant was ordered to enrol for National Service."

Does not the "Army Reserve" of the new protection cards tend to confirm the existence of a general conscription? I presume a "dilutant" from munition or other work, if found unfitted for military service, could be transferred to any work considered of importance by the methods before stated.

There does not appear to be any need to fear the enacting of a Bill incorporating industrial conscription. It is here in the midst of us!—Yours, &c.,

H. E. F.

May 19th, 1917.

#### KADAVER.

SIR,—I would like to say a word anent this "Kadaver" dispute. I have before me the "Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache," by Friedrich Kluge, Professor at the Freiburg University, published at Strassburg in the year 1899. In vain I have searched for the slightest reference in this respectable tome to either of the words "Kadaver" or "Cadaver," and am forced to the conclusion that this substantive must be an exotic growth and of recent adoption by Germans, possibly by their War Office scribes to denote the flesh-substance of bodies other than those of human beings. Professor Kluge's remarkable work, however, contains a very exhaustive account of the derivation of the words "Leiche, Leichnam," the former being stated to be equivalent to "Leib, Körper," also "zu begrabender Toter," A.S. "lic" (Leib, Körper, Leiche), middle High German "lich, liche," and so forth. I find, further, that "-lic," English "-ly," has its primitive origin in the Gothic "wairaleiks," modern German *männlich*, properly speaking, "having man's bodies" (*männlichen Körper habend*).—Yours &c.,

SEC.-LIEUT. INTERPRETER.

May 19th, 1917.

## Poetry.

### TWO WHITSUN POEMS.

#### I.

"WHEN Time, no longer old,  
But cherubic and blithe,  
Growing his victim plants,  
Forgets his cruel scythe:  
When stars swing round their Pole,  
Like maidens on the green,  
And through this holy Spring  
A Paradise is seen —  
No reason can I find  
Why man must kill his kind.

#### II.

"When those three sisters walk—  
Hope, Passion, and Idea—  
Through this meek garden close,  
In May-time of the year—  
Touching these childish buds  
To grow up into flowers,  
And climb to heaven's rest  
On steps of heavenly hours —  
No reason can I find  
Why man must kill his kind.

#### III.

"Or when within her heart  
A thousand gardens grow,  
Binding in its small world,  
Blue above, green below;  
When books, the light of mind  
And sun, the light of day,  
When God creates this All  
His inn and holiday —  
No reason can I find  
Why man must kill his kind.

#### IV.

"If sun, come charging down,  
Calcine us in his fire,  
Or if the earth stand still,  
Or if the planet's tire  
And tumble from their course;  
Day abdicate to night,  
Men's bodies grow their fur  
And God put out his light —  
Some reason I may find  
Why man must kill his kind."

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

I SAW the Chiefs of all the Kingdoms come  
With one accord together to one place;  
And as they knelt in penance, seeking grace  
To build again a purer Christendom,  
A lustral sorrow shone on every face.

Each in due measure prayed forgiveness there  
For him and for his people; nor was one  
Sinless, to cast the first accusing stone,  
But all were humbled on the heights of prayer,  
And knit in one endeavor to atone.

The peoples waited and were stilled awhile,  
Nor turned in pain to count the grievous cost  
Of prizes hardly won or blindly lost:  
But over envy and hatred, greed and guile,  
Oblivion rose to bless that Pentecost.

"Lord, we have all erred, we have all sinned,  
Yet help us now to glorify Thy Name."  
And lo! the Spirit of God upon them came  
In Power, even as a rushing mighty wind,  
In Mercy and Love, like a consuming flame.

JOHN W. HARVEY.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "William Penn: Founder of Pennsylvania." By John W. Graham. (Headley. 6s. net.)  
 "The Expansion of Europe: The Culmination of Modern History." By Ramsay Muir. (Constable. 6s. net.)  
 "Shakespeare and Chapman." By J. M. Robertson. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Latin at War." By Will Irwin. (Constable. 6s. net.)  
 "What is Quakerism?" By Edward Grubb. (Headley. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "In Blue Waters." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
 "The London Nights of Belsize." By Vernon Rendall. (Lane. 6s.)  
 "Anthologie des Ballades Françaises." Par Paul Fort. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Pour Renaître." Par Lysis. (Paris: Payot. 3 fr. 50.)

A BATTLE of books is a deplorable, though perhaps inevitable, accompaniment of the war of armies. Literature and science have no frontiers, but publishers are not without the passions of men, and already Tauchnitz and Baedeker have been given to understand that henceforth business will not be as usual. Arrangements for further hostilities were made at a French National Book Congress that has just been held at Paris, and in the current number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Louis Hachette discusses the plans of French publishers in an article which he calls "The Future of the French Book." His own firm, he tells us, has mobilized for action. "In our old house on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, authors, publishers, printers, engravers, all those who create books, manufacture them, or sell them, all those who love them, have banded themselves closely together so as to improve the organization for their distribution, and, on the morrow of the war, to secure the expansion of French ideas throughout the world." This programme is as laudable as it is patriotic. Most of us have an affection for the French book. At times, indeed, we are a little irritated by its coyness—five successive applications to a French publisher have been known to remain unanswered—and by its disconcerting habit of falling to pieces in our hands owing to its bad stitching. All the more welcome, therefore, are any measures that will make it more accessible, and a more lasting companion when it is obtained.

NOR is anybody likely to blame M. Hachette's ambition to see Paris dispute with Leipzig the title of the capital city of the book. As far as the German world is concerned, the position of Leipzig must remain unchallenged. It is a name to be honored in the world of books. Its power, as M. Hachette admits, extends beyond the frontiers of the Empire, to Scandinavia, to Russia, where there are more than a million and a-half readers who know German, to German-speaking Switzerland, and to North and South America. Leipzig owes this eminence to its geographical position and to the immense organization which it has built up. It is the indispensable intermediary between the German publishers and booksellers. In it they all have their representatives. The consequence is that if you order a book from Leipzig, it will be sent directly to your address, whether the firm that issues it is situated at Berlin, Stuttgart, Tübingen, Frankfurt, Gotha, or Dresden, and, further, you will only have to pay the cost of carriage from Leipzig. And this organization of the 12,394 booksellers in Germany is mainly in the hands of two or three gigantic firms. One of them, the house of Volckmar, numbers over five hundred employees, and its warehouses usually contain something like thirty million volumes. Its last catalogue ran to fifteen hundred pages, and was delivered gratuitously to more than thirty thousand booksellers. These figures are, as the Germans say, colossal, and give one a notion of the way in which book distribution has been organized and centralized by the German publishers.

NEITHER in England nor in France is there anything like the same close co-operation among all who are interested in the distribution of books. This is

partly because an overwhelming majority of English and French publishers are situated in London and Paris, and therefore do not feel the need of a central clearing-house like Leipzig. At any rate, they mostly deal directly with their clients and not through any intermediary. The method has its inconveniences as well as its advantages. The Leipzig "Borsenverein" of German publishers is able to send catalogues and travellers into foreign countries on a scale that no individual publisher could attempt. I do not know whether any such organization is possible among English publishers, but M. Hachette tells us that a number of their French colleagues have formed themselves into a "Société d'études pour l'exportation des éditions françaises," which is preparing catalogues that will not be inferior to those of Germany, and intends to co-operate in founding dépôts in foreign countries as well as in establishing a central organization in Paris. Other activities of the Society will be to advertise French books in foreign journals and to induce booksellers to keep a supply of the best French books in stock. It seems likely, if these schemes are realized, that not only will it be easier to get French books, but that our own publishers will be put on their mettle, and that the languishing business of book-selling may be given a fresh lease of life.

EVERYBODY who cares for books will be in sympathy with all these proposals. But another part of the programme causes misgiving. "Hitherto," says M. Hachette, "a generous opinion has always prevailed among all those of us who have worked for the spread of human thought throughout the world—the necessity for giving its printed form the privilege of circulating freely. No frontiers for the book, for it belongs to the world; and, if no frontiers, then no tariffs either." M. Hachette wishes this state of affairs to continue, at least so far as books in foreign languages are concerned. But he is strongly in favor of a heavy tariff on books printed in French and imported into France by foreign firms, as well as on "publications of an international character, such as music and the graphic arts." To support his contention, he cites the case of a French firm which undertook a cheap series of French classics, but was obliged to have them printed in the country of its rival, because the tariff on paper and other materials coming into France made it impossible to compete on any other terms. A free-trader would see in this state of affairs, not an argument for putting a tariff on books, but one for removing the existing tariff on the materials necessary for their production.

ANOTHER aspect of the international book-trade was discussed by M. Edmond Haraucourt, who represented the Société des Gens de Lettres at the Paris Congress. M. Haraucourt declared that a large proportion of the pornographic literature which the world accepts as French is written and printed in Germany for export into other countries, including France. This is his view of a Frenchman's feelings on the matter:—

"Travelling in a foreign country and sojourning in a capital or an art centre frequented by tourists of all nations, you stroll through the streets, and you stop before a book-seller's window. Amid the varied display of colors, your eye seeks a French corner. It is a bit of the absent *patrie* before which you find yourself unexpectedly. You reflect: 'Everywhere the French soul and the French language have acquired the freedom of the city.' But not one of the authors' names is known to you. And not one of the names of the publishers. At last you recognize one volume signed by a celebrated author authentically French. It is the only one of the kind. It is the flag that covers the merchandise, and is placed here to guarantee the authenticity of its neighbors, to corroborate the testimony of our incurable license. For the whole mass of unspeakable prose is of a libidinous character, proclaimed now by a scandal-promising title, and now by a suggestive vignette. In short, to call things by their right names, this French corner is nothing more or less than the library of a brothel. It shows that pornography is our national theme and our speciality in international bookselling. We have an indisputable monopoly. We are the universal purveyors. Our literature is the pander of the world."

Several distinguished French men of letters have made the same complaint as M. Haraucourt, and we can understand their indignation against what they claim to be a baseless reproach.

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

### NEO-PLATONISM.

"**Lollingdon Downs and Other Poems and Sonnets.**" By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

EVERYBODY who studies English literature must be impressed by the welcome which its poets extend to philosophic ideas. Superficially, this is a paradox, because the English have never been philosophers in the logical sense at all. They can counter a Hegel and a Kant with a Berkeley and a Spencer, but historically their Rolands are only a Hobbes or a Mandeville to the continental Oliviers. The reason is presumably because philosophy appeals to the English mind more as a poetic or religious veneration than as a science. Here, in fact, it has been the prerogative more of poets than of scholars. And this philosophic strain runs through nearly all our literature. The Platonism of Sidney and Spenser was, it is true, a foreign importation; but if you are going to apply a system of preference for home-grown ideas to literature, then our literature ceases to exist. The seventeenth century, pretending to break with the earlier Platonism, really only attacked the form in which it was embodied. By condensing and strengthening that form, it at the same time gave a sharp psychological twist to a Platonism that threatened to become tenuous. The town-breeding of the eighteenth century, with its more worldly interests, was more discreet with this exacting mistress; but Coleridge, Shelley, and particularly Browning, preserved the continuity of the tradition—a tradition which, in its way, has produced as fine a poetry of meditation as the Renaissance dramatists did of action.

It is therefore something of a literary portent to find Mr. Masefield reviving these old, old speculations which centre so intently upon the immortality of the soul—not only from the Platonist point of view, but in the Platonist manner of the English pioneers. It is remarkable, too, from an individual angle. Mr. Masefield is, or was, a fashionable poet; he patented a new poetic realism of crude sensation and bloodshed, which, if this generation has applauded the next generation will forget. "I am sick of love," said the singer of singers, and we, in a rather different sense, are sick of blood. If anything can be infallibly postulated of the future of literature, it is a determined reaction away from the state of poetic mind that begot "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Widow in the By-street," and a host of closet plays that represented men, and particularly countrymen, stabbing their neighbors as readily as they would stand them a pint of beer. How curious, then, to find Mr. Masefield himself yielding to this reaction and holding elegiac and rather ghostly conferences with the quiet soul waiting to be released from its "tenement of clay"! And still more curious to observe him in one poem persisting with unblushing incongruity in his old manner and from the antagonistic setting in which it is thrust and the air of exercise and mannerism pervading the poem, unconsciously pronouncing a doom upon its fathers in crime:—

"His father clubbed  
The girl on the head.  
Young Will upped  
And shot him dead."

And—

"They hanged Will,  
As Will said;  
With one thrill  
They choked him dead."

And then Jane, for whose sake Will upped and did his father in, dies too—with, as usually occurs after the scene of carnage, all nature present at the funeral:—

"She died soon:  
At high-tide;  
At full-moon,  
Jane died."

And really, we have a suspicion that Mr. Masefield may possibly have collaborated with Mr. Squire, when we read:

"Kyrle took his cobb'd stick  
And beat his daughter;  
He said: 'I'll teach my chick  
As a father oughter.'"

But this is only an occurrence. The bulk of Mr. Masefield's work in this volume is vested in the reflective sonnet. Now the sonnet, though the common aim of all the rhymers, be they poets or poetasters, is at the same time the most treacherous of all the measures. Whether it takes the regular or Shakespearean form of four quatrains of alternate rhymes, with a rhyme couplet to close it, or the irregular Petrarchan form, its seeming simplicity hides a yawning abyss for the unwary. Externally, it is like a well-fitting cabinet of moderate size, well oiled and hinged, with no awkward corners or rambling shape like the Pindaric—the most compact and comfortable of all the measures. And yet, except in the hands of a master, it is always letting out the idea and its feeling at the corners. In spite of its neatness and unity of form, it seems to flatten and diffuse the poetic substance lodged into it. The school of Ben Jonson, which took up arms against the sonnet and went to the classics, for the sake of tautness and economy, felt the diffuseness of the sonneteers. Herrick, for instance, the perfect workman, is extremely gingerly with the sonnet. And, in the same way, it has played the siren with Mr. Masefield. The new cast of his thought—musing, dispassionate, melancholy, sedative, quietist—the kind of temper that suits the sonnet, has helped to give the sense of looseness in the poetic texture. It is never quite enervation, but it is dangerously near it. The opiate influence of the sonnet-form is, in short, rather too much for Mr. Masefield. It leaves him with his poetic loins ungirded.

But that is not to say that these sonnets are not full of interest for the lover of poetry. To our mind, they contain far the best poetry that Mr. Masefield has ever written—even though that poetry is considerably surpassed by the poets nearest to Mr. Masefield's new speculative and spiritual bias—Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Drummond. Its great virtue is that it brings the reader into communion with those universal themes of decay, resurrection, divine apprehension and intimation, desire for completeness and perfection, and resignation to the tyranny of change which are the true orbit of the poetic spirit, since mankind became articulate. By that alone and the tender feeling in which he has embodied it, Mr. Masefield has done his generation a service that armies and wealth can never do. His fault, on the other hand, is a lack of sharp and concrete expression. His utterance is a faint coloring rather than a strong realization of beauty, and at his worst he speaks thinly, like a wraith. For all that, the voice of beauty is there, and in the following sonnet—to our mind the best—accompanied by both power and rich and deep feeling:—

"You are more beautiful than women are,  
Wiser than men, stronger than ribbed death,  
Juster than Time, more constant than the stars;  
Dearer than love, more intimate than breath,  
Having all art, all science, all control  
Over the still unsmithied, even as Time  
Cradles the generations of man's soul.  
You are the light to guide the way to climb.  
So, having followed beauty, having bowed  
To wisdom and to death, to law, to power,  
I, like a blind man, stumble from the crowd  
Into the darkness of a deeper hour,  
Where in the lonely silence I may wait  
The prayed-for gleam—your hand upon the gate."

There, indeed, is beauty contained and made manifest. And it is for these sonnets, however imperfect in the whole, that Mr. Masefield will ask his claim from the future.

### DUBLIN.

"**Dublin: Explorations and Reflections.**" By AN ENGLISHMAN. (Maunsell. 5s. net.)

If the portents speak true, the generation of the Irish literary revival has effectively vanished. It is passing into literature, and its protagonists are fast becoming legendary. The place which made books has books made about it, and as surely as the five stately volumes of the Georgian Society enshrine the vanished grace and dignity of eighteenth-century Dublin, so surely is a later society, with another George as its patron saint, embalming with fragrant or pungent spices the body whose tuneful breath is but spent.

## OUTSTANDING WAR BOOKS

THE GERMAN  
TERROR IN BELGIUM

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

*(Late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford)*

This book is the treatment of the civil population in the countries overrun by the German armies during the first three months of the war. The evidence consists of first-hand statements—some delivered on oath before a court, others taken down from witnesses without oath by competent legal examiners, others written and published on the witnesses' own initiative as books or pamphlets.

With Maps and many Illustrations  
One Shilling Net. Postage, 3d. extra

## SCRAPS OF PAPER

REDUCED PHOTOGRAPHIC FACSIMILES  
OF GERMAN PROCLAMATIONS IN  
BELGIUM AND IN FRANCE

With a Foreword by IAN MALCOLM, M.P.

After reading this series of inhuman documents let the reader just imagine what would be his feelings if any one of them were posted at the door of his private house or his Church or his Town Hall

REPRODUCED IN COLOURS ON ART PAPER  
New Impression. Imp. 4to. One Shilling Net. Postage,  
3d. extra

THE TREATMENT OF  
ARMENIANS IN THE  
OTTOMAN EMPIRE

DOCUMENTS PRESENTED TO  
VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN  
*(Late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs)*

With a Preface by VISCOUNT BRYCE

This book is a body of testimony from people who were either victims or eye-witnesses of the Turkish Atrocities. It is a record full of unparalleled horrors, but it is equally full of dramatic incidents, heroic acts, unforeseen situations, and sudden revelations of human character. In fact, these extraordinary documents "give an illuminating impression of Near Eastern Life."

In Cloth, 684 pp. 3s. net. Postage 6d. extra

AMERICANS AT THE  
FRONT

By F. H. MCKENZIE

With Illustrations. Sewed 2d. Net. Postage 1d. extra

THE MURDEROUS  
TYRANNY of the TURKS

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

With a Preface by VISCOUNT BRYCE

Sewed 2d. 3d. post free

MICROBE CULTURE  
AT BUKAREST

BEING DISCOVERIES AT THE GERMAN  
LEGATION FROM THE RUMANIAN  
OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

Sewed 1d. or 2d. post free

## THE FRONT LINE

By C. E. MONTAGUE

With Illustrations by MUIRHEAD BONE

Sewed 6d. or 8d. post free

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C. 4

## THE DUPE

By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD, F.R.G.S.

Author of "Gloria," "Red Pearls," "For  
Satan Finds," "The Girl and the Gods,"  
"Love and a Woman," "Torn Lace." 6s.

Third Impression.

Naturalised or otherwise, a German is always a German.

"Gives a very true picture of life in South Africa before the war. It is instructive and exceedingly interesting, dealing as it does with the spread of German influence throughout the Colony; the gradual introduction of German money into finance, of German goods into trade, and of German ideas into social life. The book shows clearly the double-faced attitude of the German Colonist."—*Bookman*.

## THE BLUE LIGHTS

A Thrilling Detective Novel.

By ARNOLD FREDERICKS. 6s.

"The Blue Lights" is a mystery story of such compelling interest, such rare and vivid charm, that it must inevitably take a place among the masterpieces of detective fiction. The story is filled with action, and moves towards its climax with that cumulative interest that stamps its author as a master of construction.

## THE VOICE in the LIGHT

By BART KENNEDY.

Author of "A Sailor Tramp," "Darab's  
Wine Cup," "A Tramp in Spain," etc. 6s.

"He writes of the Sea as he writes of the open road, with a virile love of adventure, an appreciation of the bright eyes of danger almost unique in stories of the present day. He has done nothing finer than these sketches."

—*New Witness*.

## THE LITTLE FORTUNE

By ARNOLD FREDERICKS. 6s.

The astounding discovery made by Alphonse Mercier, the old French coin collector, his legacy to his daughter, Estelle, and the mysterious and inexplicable disappearance of the purser, George Vernon, from the trans-Atlantic liner *Richelieu* in mid-ocean, all combine to form a plot so ingenious and baffling in its unexpected developments, so remarkable in its final solution, that the reader is held in its spell until the very last page.

GERMANY'S LOST  
COLONIAL EMPIRE

And the Essentials of Reconstruction.

By JOHN H. HARRIS.

With many Illustrations.

1s. net

This little work is a rapid review of the main features of German colonial expansion. It can be read through in just *one hour*, and at the close of that hour the reader should possess in outline a working knowledge of the history, the cost, the policy, the economic value, the Allied conquest, and the essential elements of reconstruction of Germany's lost Colonial Empire.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT &amp; Co., Ltd.



Gone are the days in Dublin when each suburban lamp-post shed its light upon a group listening to the latest poet's latest lyric; when any citizen might as lawfully carry the three acts of his play about his person as his cigarette case and matches. We have fallen into an acid age when men rather suspect their fellows of a malicious memory and a note-book. And as in the *ancien régime* the entrails of a royal Louis were parted and distributed from parish church to St. Denis, so do we now behold the literary embalmers, Messrs. Moore, Joyce, St. John Ervine, Lennox Robinson, and the rest at their work piously stuffing their disparate urns.

The author of the most recent book on Dublin and its inhabitants has not, we are glad to say, sheltered himself in the novelist's system of entanglements and dug-outs. Here are no prepared conversational emplacements or transparent disguises. In their place we have a frank guide-book to Georgian Dublin of the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. The author produces his credentials, or, more astutely, his lack of them, and whether one agrees or disagrees with his discoveries and conclusions, his pages shine with a candour that attracts and disarms. Crossing from Holyhead, after the Easter Rebellion, with the standards of a European traveller and with no more fixed ideas in regard to Irish things than an admiration of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore, he reviews, first, the superficialities of Dublin—the drab, decaying streets redeemed by glorious prospects of sky, sea and mountain; the noble architecture of its public buildings and great town houses, *foci* of a life in the eighteenth century at once splendid and corrupt; the girdle of hills and sea that beset it, and thence through a consideration of its art galleries to a more detailed criticism of the intellectuals (detestable word)—its poets and dramatists.

His conclusions are frequently over-summary, but shrewd and friendly. If they do not shear deep, one is led to believe that it is the author's engaging modesty and not his erect judgment which has stayed the trenchant, final word. His enthusiasm has rightly lit on the three fine Dublin things: Dublin architecture, Dublin mountains, and Dublin talk. But in all three, we regret omissions. By excluding the Dublin of earlier than the end of the eighteenth century, fearful, perhaps, lest pedantry should clog his verve, he fails to understand that its public buildings were not "plumped down anywhere," but had definite relation with each other in an ordered plan—a plan which converted, in great measure, the narrow city that Swift knew, where Stella's vanities were cribbed and confined—

"At coming in you saw her stoop,  
The entry brushed against her hoop—"

to the wide vistas and stately houses of the period inaugurated by Charlemont and Beresford. Little wonder "An Englishman" paused at John Beresford's name, though, unfortunately, he confuses the brilliant and audacious First Commissioner of Revenue with his son, John Claudius, the banker and "arch-Hun" of pitch-cap and triangle fame. Of a family which absorbed well-nigh the entire Government patronage in temporals and spirituals for half a century, Beresford, more powerful than viceroys, realized in eighteenth-century Dublin the almost perfect type of the Italian despot of the Renaissance. Nothing was lacking to him in that rôle; dominion in Church and State, singular beauty of person, a wholly unscrupulous will, a discriminating and fruitful love of the arts, and with it that imperious need to express himself in magnificent building which, accompanying so often this exceptional type, has left Dublin largely his creature and altogether his debtor.

This first half of the book, made up of mixed observation fortified by intelligent reading, is well done with the exception of two blots which one may not tacitly pass over. The references to the drinking habits of the Dublin poor are grossly overstated. In spite of the author's categorical statement; one must submit that it is "an uncommon sight to come across a woman at midday lying absolutely inert in the middle of the road or pathway," and his vigorous description of the scenes near Nelson's Pillar on a Saturday night reminds one of that perspicacious "Daily Mail" correspondent who mistook the triumphant antics of school-boys after a football match in Cork for a violent Sinn Féin demonstration. His two solitary allusions to the Catholic Church in Dublin are even more unfortunate, dating back

the author's notions to the obsolescent campaigns of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Michael McCarthy. References of the kind, however permissible to Irishmen, come with a singularly bad taste from the "little English" who suddenly discover Ireland. The "full-fledged priests" and "the crocodile of priestlings" have done their duty to a man in the days of danger and stress which Dublin is living through. Can the same be said of all "An Englishman's" compatriots?

The sections on the Intellectuals and on Literature in Dublin are the only two disappointing chapters—disappointing in their brevity. His observation is entirely just in regard to the absence of a money standard in controlling social intercourse and on the freedom and range of Dublin talk. A happy chance apparently kept him clear of the Garrison clubs, governed by the *dichés* of a caste and the opinions of the "Morning Post." No mention is made of the two Universities or of the effect, for good or ill, of the large professional population. Perhaps, like the sleep of the *sociétaire* during the trial-reading of the comedy at the Théâtre Française, the author's silence is also a criticism. An examination of the part which T.C.D. plays in Dublin life would throw light upon much that is characteristic of Dublin society. Why is the movement of ideas in a generally alert population confined to the non-professional and extra-academic class? What is the origin of the witty and anarchical Dublin talk? Perhaps "An Englishman" would find it in part in the influence of Trinity College—aloof in the centre of the capital from its spiritual traffic—which cuts its youth off from their origins and presents no alternative worthy of their reasonable attachment. Hence that sparkling futility marking much Dublin talk which Mr. Yeats once described as existing in an atmosphere of cynicism without ideas and wit without charm.

That atmosphere is changing, and if "An Englishman" had pursued his explorations into circles that are, for the moment, less preoccupied with pictures, he would have noted the fact. It was in an age of profound and corrosive pessimism that those grisly De Goncourts retired from Magny dinners to distil into nervous little phrases the fruit of their malicious observation. His lightly-borne scholarship in arts and letters but added to the fatigue of Anatole France. In Ireland, similarly, the Land League on the one hand knocked the heart out of the ascendancy, leaving them a pained, futile, and unintelligible sense of superiority, and, on the other, the Parnell split depressed the rest. But, as in France, the generation of Renan and the literature of despair gave way to Maurras and Psichari, so we suspect in Ireland a generation, untouched by the present book, which does not dwell in twilight. Did it not speak to Mr. James Stephens through McDonagh when he asked, "When are you lads going to stop writing books and do something?"

MICHAEL GAHAN.

#### "A. J. B."

"Memoir of Arthur John Butler." By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-  
COUCH. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

SOMEHOW, this is a saddening book. It describes a fine character, a brilliant intellect, and a life of honorable toil. Yet it leaves an impression of frustrated desire and of powers misapplied. In the case of "A. J. B." (as Sir A. Quiller-Couch always calls his friend) we see another instance of our inability as a nation to make the most of our mental resources; and, more lamentable still, the State seems to be even less sagacious in this respect than the individuals who compose it.

Arthur John Butler was born in 1844, and died in 1910. He was the son of a well-remembered clergyman, who for many years exercised a benevolent despotism over the town of Wantage; trained with great severity several generations of curates, among them Liddon and MacKonoehie; and died Dean of Lincoln. I remember that "A. J. B.," writing to me on some point of business, warned me against a possible mistake of address by saying: "I know that Harrow men always assume that anyone called Butler must be a clergyman"; but the strenuous Vicar of Wantage transmitted no clericalism to his son. Indeed, beyond the fact that both could wear an eye-glass without the aid of a string, I can



SERMAIZE—Unloading Hospital Sections, Aug., 1915.

## THE SOCIETY of FRIENDS

in carrying on its work of RELIEF of the SUFFERING VICTIMS of the WAR has raised ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS for its maintenance. It is carried on by some 170 Representatives in a large number of Relief Centres in FRANCE, in HOLLAND, and in the GOVERNMENT of SAMARA in distant RUSSIA.

The expenditure is now about £1,000 a week, and it asks for financial support from the general public.

We are giving Medical and Nursing Help in a considerable number of our Stations, accompanied by the provision of shelter for the Homeless, clothing and household requisites in the new wood huts we are building in France, the timber for which is provided by the FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

We are supplying help to restart the Farming Industry with necessary seeds and farming implements in localities devastated by battle, where farms have been utterly destroyed.

In Holland we have provided shelter and help in a variety of ways, as well as occupation for the refugees from Belgium, who are located there.

In Russia we have established Relief Centres, where clothing and other necessities are distributed, and where industries, including spinning, weaving, and knitting are organised for the benefit of the destitute people who have no one else to help them.

### WE ASK THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC IN THIS WORK OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE

Contributions may be sent to Miss A. RUTH FRY, the Honorary Secretary to the War Victims Relief Committee at the office at

Ethelburga House, 91, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.,

who will gladly furnish any further information that may be desired.

## Out of the Rut

### HANDED OVER

The Prison Experiences of Mr. J. Scott Duckers, Solicitor, of Chancery Lane, under the Military Service Act, written by himself. With Foreword by T. Edmund Harvey, M.P. 1/6 net, postage 2d. An unusual war-book by a daring exponent of temporarily unpopular ideals. Of immediate human interest and permanent documentary value.

### The FEET of the YOUNG MEN

A Domestic War-novel by HERBERT TREMAINE. Author of "Two who Declined." 2s. net, postage 3d. The scene of this absorbing novel is laid in a Garrison Town somewhere in Britain. The time is the first two years of the war.

### POVERTY GULCH

By STANLEY B. JAMES. A story of Western adventure which gives impressions of the author's experiences in the Far West, and also contains much suggestive teaching. 1s. net, postage 2d.

### LETTERS from the LITTLE BLUE ROOM

6s. net, postage 5d.

"We strongly and cordially recommend these 'Letters from the Blue Room.' They are wholesome, stimulating, and entertaining; just such as were worth writing and are worth reading."—*Manchester City News*.

### The PARLIAMENT of MAN

6s. net, postage 5d.

H. G. Wells says: "I think 'The Parliament of Man' particularly bold and fine."

The *Times* says: "The work of a pacifist who writes with freshness and point, and who has an acute perception of the bearings of the problem."

LONDON: C. W. DANIEL, LTD.

Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.

## "AFRICA and the PEACE of EUROPE"

A New Book by E. D. MOREL

(Author of "Nigeria, its Peoples and its Problems," "Red Rubber," &c., &c.)

MR. MOREL'S reputation as an authority on African affairs was internationally established long before the War. In this volume he brings his special knowledge to bear upon the African problem as it affects the

### PEACE OF EUROPE

¶ The distribution of European sovereign rights in Africa, and the manner of their interpretation, are admittedly among the most difficult questions which the Peace Conference will be called upon to settle. They raise in an acute form the future of the German Colonies and of the

### ECONOMIC WAR by which the WORKERS OF EUROPE are THREATENED

when the slaughter has ceased. ¶ It is, therefore, essential that Democracy should understand the vast issues at stake and how intimately Democracy is concerned in the new settlement of Africa. ¶ Mr. Morel is emphatic in regard to the treatment of the natives which, he shows, cannot be separated from the political problem. His appeal is an appeal both to

### HUMANITY AND STATESMANSHIP

But the most important feature of the book is the Author's proposals for the

### NEUTRALISATION AND INTERNATIONALISATION

of the greater part of Africa. ¶ In this, his latest work, Mr. Morel makes a further constructive and valuable contribution to

### THE CAUSE OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE

"Africa and the Peace of Europe" will be eagerly read by all who are conscious of the immense educational influence of the Author's previous writings.

Demy 8vo, 2/- TWO MAPS Post free, 2/4

To be obtained from the

NATIONAL LABOUR PRESS LTD., MANCHESTER:

30 Blackfriars Street. Telephone: CITY 5206

INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY, LONDON: Telephone: CITY 1302

St. Bride's House, Salisbury Square.

BRITISH SOCIALIST PARTY, LONDON: Telephone: GERRARD 877

21a Maiden Lane.

REFORMERS' BOOKSTALL, GLASGOW: 126 Bothwell Street;

and all local agents and I.L.P., B.S.P., and U.D.C. Literature Secretaries.

trace no resemblance between what I remember of the father and what I read of the son.

"A. J. B." started life with all the advantages which tend to success, except money; and that exception is held by unworldly moralists to be in itself a blessing. He had an honorable lineage, an inherited ability, a well-ordered home, a strong body, and, in the way of education, the best that Eton and Trinity can give. I advisedly say "Trinity" rather than "Cambridge"; for, as Sir A. Quiller-Couch points out in a penetrating passage, Cambridge is apt to mean, for Trinity men, "Trinity College set about with ornaments, and with king's daughters for her honorable women."

At Eton, Arthur Butler was Captain of the Oppidans, and we get an attractive glimpse of his bearing in that high place. "Decision, alertness, a thoroughly well-groomed air of one neither bashful nor over confident, a kind of friendly strength with a touch of aloofness." In October, 1863, he went up to Trinity, where he had already won a scholarship, and soon became a man of mark, though not of very distinctive mark. He had some mathematical power, but cultivated it insufficiently. "His classical scholarship was not dazzling, but very sound." He dabbled in metaphysics, and wrote suggestive essays; but his philosophy was "amateurish." He rowed, and played cricket, but in a dilettante sort of way; and, in brief, comported himself in a way which suggests that he would have really been much more at home at Oxford than at Cambridge. But this was not his own view. As far as I can make out, the one definite object of his life's ambition was a Fellowship at Trinity, and this, having done badly in mathematics and not very well in Classics (he was 8th in the Tripos), he managed to attain, on his third try, in 1869. Just before the examination, he broke some bones in his right hand, and had to write his papers with his left. To this performance he always attributed his success. "The examiners probably said, 'If this chap can do so well with his left hand, what would he not do with his right!'"

The first years of his Fellowship were (says his biographer) "perhaps the brightest of his life." His intellectual powers had received due recognition; he was surrounded by admiring friends in a place he loved; and he had emerged from the servitude of tradition and environment into the "glorious liberty" of independent thought. In religion, it would appear, he clung to his hereditary creed; clung to it, having weighed it, and not found it wanting. In politics he became a definite and lifelong Liberal of the Gladstonian type, with a special abhorrence of "Benjamin Disraeli," than whom "no man of our time did more harm to English politics, rather, I think, from a cynical contempt for all English ways of thought than from any bad disposition." He had already conceived the two main interests—or, rather, one should say passions—of his life. These were, in the things of the spirit, Italian literature; in the things of sense, Mountaineering.

So far, the story is cheerful enough; but from this point on, the cheerfulness disappears by degrees. Butler made the strange decision to quit Cambridge and enter the Civil Service, being appointed an Examiner in the Education Department at Whitehall. This appointment enabled him in due course to marry, and allowed him sufficient leisure to compose his translation of the "Purgatorio"; of which Dr. Paget Toynbee says that "as regards the serious study of the poet in England, it was epoch-making." He gained a happy home and a European fame. But these two joys are set against a very dismal background. His work at the Education Office was "mechanical and deadly dull. Vital points of administrative detail, such as the sufficiency of wash-hand basins or of pupil-teachers, offered no attractions to him. He preferred Dante, and other wholly unofficial seers." He said of himself: "I fear I shall never get my superiors to regard me as *un homme sérieux*. Perhaps I am not one." "After some seventeen years," says a colleague, "he could stand it no longer, and sought a less uncongenial occupation." His biographer says that he "never ceased to remember 1887 as Jubilee Year, or to associate it with the act of grace traditional on Jubilees—deliverance of captives."

This is a sad enough result for forty-three years of a clever man's life, but there was worse to come. On leaving the Education Office he became a "salaried partner" in the pub-

lishing firm of Rivingtons; but he was unaware that Messrs. Rivington were contemplating the sale of their business, and three years after he joined them, this sale was effected. His agreement with the Rivingtons would have expired in 1892; Messrs. Longman (who had bought the business) declined to renew it; and he "had to start afresh at forty-eight. . . . I cannot feel that I have been fairly dealt with." From this house of bondage Butler was transferred in 1892 to another—Messrs. Cassells, in La Belle Sauvage Yard. For a vivid account of the conditions under which he worked in "The Yard," the reader is referred to the expert testimony of Sir A. Quiller-Couch; and from this misery he was only delivered by dismissal. On the last day of 1894 he wrote in his diary: "At the age of fifty I find myself a picker-up of odd jobs and stray literary work," and this was his portion to the end. In 1907 he was stricken by mortal disease, but he neither repined nor idled. "Sixty-four years of life," he wrote, "mostly inefficient, ought to be enough for anybody. . . . I think, after all, I shall die in my boots—probably at a crossing or on the 'Tube' stairs." But he died in bed, after five days' illness, on February 26th, 1910.

When I read of a character and an intellect such as Sir A. Quiller-Couch has here depicted, wasted in such service as has been recorded, I am tempted to apply to English State the reproach which Newman, on the eve of departure, addressed to the English Church. "O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms?"

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

#### WAR'S AFTERMATH.

"The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard." By GRACE KING. (Constable. 6s.)

WHETHER in irony or from motives of policy, Miss Grace King, whose studies of Creole Louisianian life, "Balcony Stories," and others, are classics in America, has disguised under her quiet title one of the most poignant pictures of war's aftermath to be found in modern literature. The scene is New Orleans, in the year 1865, immediately after the Civil War, when thousands of Southern families attempted "to find a foothold in the rushing tide of ruin sweeping over the land." The theme may be stated in the words of a character, Dr. Botot, "There are no fortunes of war for women and children. It is all misfortune for them, they are the sufferers; and their war goes on after the peace; they will still be suffering for it, when the war is forgotten." The story is centred in the outlook and experiences of the family of Mr. Talbot, a leading city lawyer, who, his regiment disbanded, has made his way back to St. Orleans on foot, by cart, horse, or mule, "through a country given over to lawlessness, a people demoralized, swarming with freed negroes, an insolent soldiery, ruin, wretchedness, and despair." He, lucky, amid the new arrivals from the armies or prisons, "a band of naked and starving," is helped by a temporary loan, and thus can send for his family from the plantation where they have taken refuge. But Mr. Talbot's practice has gone, his property has been plundered, sequestered, dissipated in war-time; his old friends, who had remained in the city and been astute enough to make terms with the conqueror, do not seem to remember the many services he once rendered them; and he finds everywhere that it is the "man with the dollar," the man with powerful Union relatives, the "keen, shrewd, pushing strangers," the scalawags, and political carpet-baggers from the North who are now in possession. It is the day of the wily opportunists and the parvenus, who, divining that it does not pay to stick to the lost cause of the South, have rushed to come in on the winning side. Ironical as it may seem, the one man who keeps Mr. Talbot from ruin is his former office-boy, Tommy Cook, the cripple, who, picked out of the gutter, for years has served his patron as his clerk. Shrewd Tommy Cook having qualified, during the



# THE TREATMENT OF INVALIDED SOLDIERS SUFFERING FROM NEURASTHENIA, SHELL SHOCK, ETC.

THE development of Institutional treatment in England has been characterized by voluntary charitable effort, followed by the acceptance by the State of the responsibility for treatment, the need for which has thus been proved.

This is exemplified in the history of the treatment of fevers, mental disorders, tuberculosis, and, in the latest example, venereal diseases. This practice is in contrast to that obtaining in many Continental countries, e.g., Sweden and Germany, countries that can be described as organized, in contradiction to this country, which in such matters can be termed unorganized or spontaneous.

The Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis and Other Diseases of the Nervous System, Maida Vale, was founded fifty years ago for the treatment of a class of patient whose needs up to the present time have not been recognized by the State. In its growth the Maida Vale Hospital has accepted the responsibility for the treatment of functional nervous disorders arising in civil and industrial life, and since 1896 has attempted with success to act as third party between employer and employee under the working of the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

Similarly, the present war has called for new measures, and the Maida Vale Hospital again accepts the responsibility by establishing at "Highfield," Golders Green, a new branch for the reception of selected cases of invalided soldiers suffering from functional nervous disorders.

Students of military history can prove that the influence of wars has always been to call for new methods of treatment and new types of accommodation.

The American Civil War produced the special form of treatment known as "Weir Mitchell," with the necessity for single bed wards and the enforced limitation of the outlook of the patient analogous to that connected with asylum treatment: with the sane, the limitation of civil liabilities and privileges, brings the desire for freedom of action and responsibility.

The Institution is accommodated in what was formerly a well known girls' school situated about half-a-mile from the Golders Green Tube Station, along the Golders Green Road. It contains accommodation for 150 people, including thirty-five single bed wards. A large dining hall and gymnasium are features of the Institution, and the extensive well-wooded grounds with delightful lawns should be found most useful.

The advantages offered comprise, amongst others, the following:—

1. Isolation beds with provision for local and general massage, together with an electrical department equipped for administering all the most modern forms of electro-therapeutic treatment.
2. A completely equipped gymnasium with facilities for physical drill and Swedish exercises.
3. A range of workshops.
4. Organized games with instructors.
5. Personal contact with healthy minded staff.
6. An employment bureau and after care in conjunction with the local pension committees.

The Hospital is in great need of funds for its general purposes, and contributions should be sent to Mr. H. W. Burleigh, Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Maida Vale, W.

## THE POETRY BOOKSHOP

NOW READY

### STRANGE MEETINGS

A new volume of poems by HAROLD MONRO. Uniform with "Children of Love." Pp. 64. 1s. net (postage 1½d.)

Eighth Thousand

### GEORGIAN POETRY

1913—1915. Edited by E.M. Pp. 244. 4s. net (postage 5d.)

Ninth Thousand. Just Ready

### GEORGIAN POETRY

1911—1912. Edited by E.M. Pp. 197. 4s. net (postage 5d.)

35, Devonshire Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.

## GENERAL BOOTH

appeals for financial assistance for the great and varied work carried on all over the world by

### THE SALVATION ARMY

which has over 10,000 Centres of Work in daily operation.

**£200,000**

required annually for the Army's Central Funds alone.

Please mark your gift for whatever branch it is desired to benefit. Social Work among the Poor—Evangelical—War Work—Aged Poor—Work among Lepers—Industrial Missionary Work—Homes for Boys or Girls in difficult circumstances—Medical and Educational Work in the Eastern Counties, &c., &c.

Cheques should be crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch," and sent to GENERAL BOOTH, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.

## GRESHAM LECTURES

EASTER TERM, 1917

The Gresham Lecturer of Astronomy, Mr. ARTHUR R. HINKS, M.A., F.R.S., will deliver a Course of Four Lectures on

### THE ART OF DISCOVERY

On MAY 29, 30, 31 and JUNE 1, at Six o'clock, p.m.  
At Gresham College, Basinghall Street, E.C. 2.

ADMISSION FREE to the public

## TRENCH COATS TRENCH COATS

*Absolutely the latest style*

**GENTS' AND LADIES' 20/- each**

Tailor-made, full lined  
Proofed cloth, Buckles and Belt

**Worth 3 Guineas each**

Approval with pleasure.

Special discount to the trade

**JACKSON & CO.**

3, DEWSBURY PLACE, LONGSIGHT, MANCHESTER

## The influence of "The Nation"

*Speaking in the House of Commons on Tuesday,  
April 17th,*

COMMANDER J. WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P., said:—

"When I was in the United States recently, I had a conversation with Colonel House, who said that the papers which he read as representing opinion in this country were THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and THE NATION. . . . Everybody in America seems to read THE NATION."

MR. EDWARD G. HEMMERDE, K.C., M.P., said:—

"Here is a paper which you find in the hands of every thinking man who understands English at all in Petrograd. I am not speaking only of civilians, but also of soldiers and admirals, who are far more democratic than the soldiers and admirals in this country."

war, as an attorney, to preserve his benefactor's famous law library and *armoire* of cases, has saved them from confiscation by simply taking down Mr. Talbot's name and putting up his own. But until Mr. Talbot consents to sue for a pardon, he is disbarred from practice in the higher courts. As his nephew, Harry, puts it: "We have lost our men, we have lost our money, we have lost our place in business; our own courts are in the hands of scalawags, scalawags for judges, scalawags for lawyers. . . ."

The Talbots hide their fallen fortunes in a poor suburb of the city, St. Médard, tenanted by Creoles and negroes, and here, in a little gallery of New Orleans types, the author sketches with sensitive, delicate, passionate touches, the ruined South. There is Monsieur Pinseau, the old beau and man of fashion, who, having lost two fortunes, has now migrated to a cabin with his daughter, Mademoiselle Mimi, who has furnished it with the rosewood, silk-covered chairs, gilt-framed mirror, velvet carpet, and lace curtains from her mother's vanished grand salon. Mademoiselle Mimi supports her prodigal, infirm father by giving lessons in the Convent hard by.

Among her pupils are the Demoiselles San Antonio, girls who, a few years back, were playing in the gutter before their father's drinking-shop, but are now heirs to the great fortune that the secretive, hard-fisted saloon-keeper has made, during the war, by buying up bonds and title-deeds and mortgages of the people in difficulties, and in purchasing at a song not only their cotton, but confiscated property of all kinds from the Yankees—houses, jewellery, furniture, pictures, pianos, wardrobes, carriages, horses. As a contrast to Tony and his illiterate peasant wife, we have Jerry, the faithful plantation negro, who has stood by his impoverished mistress during the war, in her exile, and has learned how to make shoes, dress leather, cure beef for the family. What terrible dreams haunt Mrs. Talbot of her life on that lonely plantation, amid the swamps, with her children, and a hundred and fifty negroes dependent on her, and of that summer when the typhoid epidemic came, and for months she heard the Yankee guns bombarding Vicksburg. "the shots killing, killing . . . sending husbands and sons out of life, and mothers and wives into grief that would know no end." But the trusty Jerry stood by her, and his ironical reward from Fate is that his daughters have had their heads turned by their new liberty, and have grown impudent, lazy, and thievish, and the old man failing to reclaim them, they are arrested and sent to gaol.

The black side of the war, the cruelties, the horrors of the battlefield and the hospitals, the hatreds that survive long afterwards and sear the brain, are touched on incisively in the few pages where a returned wounded soldier speaks his passionate rancor. But Miss King eschews reopening this black chapter, and weaves her picture of war's aftermath out of the infinite, variegated tissue of human fortunes. Delicately, with sure fingers, she weaves her pattern of grief and mourning, of bravery and fortitude, of despair and pride, of bitterness and devotion. Virtue and unbending spirit, demoralization and broken faith, anguish and humiliation, passionate love and revolt, avarice and ingratitude, all the passions of men in defeat, noble or ignoble, are shown us in the lacerated heart of the South. We see little of the victors, but much of their politicians' devices by which the old masters of the State are reduced to political servitude, and swept aside. And intermingled with the dark tones of women's misery and men's anguish is the light of glancing Creole gaiety, of the soft, fragrant New Orleans atmosphere, of regrets for the grace and fine breeding of the days of the old régime. With the finest, most sensitive art Miss Grace King has caught and fixed in undying colors the past emotions of a generation when the tide of war had passed over a land, and the social landmarks were seen, shifted, obliterated, merged in the rush of new conditions and new men.

[We regret that, by an error, two lines from Mr. Drinkwater's "Olton Pools" were incorrectly quoted in the review which we published last week.

They should have read:—

"Home on some twilight road, a lonely spear."

and:—

"And fields, O love, by many an alien sea."

—ED., THE NATION.]

## The Week in the City.

PAYMENT for the 20 millions of Treasury bills allotted last Friday increased the demand for loans on Wednesday; but in the afternoon money again became plentiful, and was available at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Discount Market has been quiet, and the bill rate for two, three, and four months has been about 4 11-16 per cent. According to the "Morning Post" City Editor, there has been some inquiry for French Treasury bills at 5 per cent., and the rate for Russian bills has been lowered on the improvement of the situation in Petrograd. The temporary withdrawal of the British Trade Corporation scheme as a result of the debate in the House of Commons, is, of course, welcome in the City, where sentiment is strongly opposed to granting a charter of financial privileges to Lord Faringdon and his associates. There is some curiosity to know by whom the first million of capital has been subscribed. The Stock Markets have been fairly steady. The situation in both Austria and Russia is considered in many quarters to point in the direction of an early peace, and M. Ribot's eloquent statement in the French Chamber was thought to confirm this optimistic view.

American financial interests are somewhat alarmed by the strength of the demand in Congress for still higher taxation of big incomes. The shipping situation is considered to be somewhat better.

### MEAT COMPANIES' PROFITS.

From the reports of two large meat companies which have appeared this week, it would seem that there are some grounds for the growing irritation at the high prices which are being charged for meat. The profits of one company, the British and Argentine Meat Co. (an amalgamation of Jas. Nelson & Sons, and the River Plate Fresh Meat Co.), have risen from £67,000 in 1914 to £411,000 in 1916, excess profits duty being deducted from the latter figure. No dividend was paid on the ordinary shares in 1914, nor were profits sufficient for any allocation to depreciation or reserve. In 1915, the first year of trading under war conditions profits amounted to £62,500. Of this sum £60,000 was set aside for reserve for income tax, £40,000 for depreciation, £115,000 to reserve, a dividend and bonus of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares, and a balance of £219,000 carried forward. The sum brought into the 1916 accounts was under £3,000, so that excess profits for 1915 absorbed £216,000. The profits for 1916, after providing for taxation, amounted to £411,000. Of this £57,000 was reserved for depreciation, and £115,000 put to reserve, the dividend distribution being the same as in the previous year—namely,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the Preference, and  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the Ordinary shares. After these allocations were made, a balance of £9,500 was carried forward. The Smithfield and Argentine Meat Co. made a profit of £25,700 in 1914. This rose to £142,000 in 1915, out of which a sum of £20,000 was put to reserve, and a dividend of 15 per cent. paid on the ordinary shares. A balance of £78,500 was carried forward as a provision for excess profits taxation and income tax; but as this required £93,500, a debit balance of £15,000 is brought into last year's accounts, reducing the available balance from £136,400 to £121,400. Reserve and depreciation is again credited with £20,000, and the ordinary dividend of 15 per cent. is maintained, leaving £22,700 to be carried forward.

### THE MALACCA REPORT.

The report of the Malacca Rubber Plantations for 1916, one of the old-established companies, shows a falling-off in profits, the net revenue for the year amounting to £230,700, as compared with £252,000 for the previous year. The output, which was affected by the scarcity of labor, amounted to 3,629,600 lbs., as against an estimate of 3,500,000 lbs., and a production of 3,543,100 lbs. in 1915. The decline in profits is due to a decline of 2d. per pound in the price realized. The dividend is raised from 40 to 45 per cent., free of income tax—a substantial consideration in these days, and £59,000 is carried forward, as against £62,900 brought in.

LUCELLUM.

